





accordingly, and on the 5th he found himself exactly where he had started from, with his plumes in the mud and twenty thousand of his men—killed, wounded, and prisoners—in the hands of his enemy. But only the soldier, not the braggart, had been beaten. At leisure to contemplate the results of his exploit, General Hooker perceived, indeed, that he had run away with an army, whose dead and wounded were left on the field where they fell; an accident that might have happened to any other General. What remained for him to do, who had bragged more than Pope and been beaten even worse than that experimentalist, was to decree that such a defeat is not by any means a disaster; and, going back on his plans, to make a mere reconnaissance of that which failed so completely as an advance. There is an audacity about this quite wonderful, if not quite what we are accustomed to think respectable. Fighting Joe Hooker must be a man greatly daring since he ventures to console his twice-decimated ranks in words "prave" undoubtedly, but, at the same time, such as Punning Joe Miller might have used had he been called upon to cast ridicule on an army shamefully led and shamefully beaten. We can very well understand why a Government like that of which Mr. Lincoln is the head should endeavour to soothe the smart of defeat by talking of "the relinquishment of the position simply because it offered no field for the manœuvring of the army," and by blandly promising that "offensive operations will be speedily resumed;" though a free and enlightened people ought not to be dealt with in this way by their citizen rulers. Still, we say, any attempt to allay panic and to encourage the public mind, under such circumstances, is comprehensible; but when a General who has just brought disaster and disgrace on his army comes out with a congratulatory manifesto—an order of the day full of gladness and glorification, we are at a loss to guess what the General and the army can be like. And the eccentricity is carried so far by Hooker that his address reads like a passage in a burlesque. It is what a comic writer, in earnest for the South, might have written in a *Charleston Charivari*. "The Major-General commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army." Is not this what is called "chaff"? Does not the Major-General commanding poke fun at the army when he remarks that, "in withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock, before delivering a general battle, it has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself?" Does not the General permit himself to banter the comrades of those who were left dead in thousands across the river, when he talks of the "celerity and secrecy of our movements," the "laurels added to our renown," and so forth? It is a joke; a joke which may be agreeable enough in America, where a new and peculiar kind of humour is cultivated, but which here would call down upon the perpetrator all the contempt he had earned; and that is a good deal.

We strongly suspect that General Hooker's fun is carried into his figures. He declares that on his triumphal return over the Rappahannock, he was accompanied by five thousand prisoners and seven pieces of artillery. We take the liberty of believing that the five thousand prisoners are written down, as the laurels are, without any preliminary process of counting. The Confederates, who have never understated their losses, admit that the victory cost them eight or ten thousand men, and they say nothing in the accounts which have reached us up to the time we pen this article about any considerable number of prisoners. They, however, captured eight thousand Federals, and it was obviously convenient for General Hooker to show a long array of captives too. That the Confederates over-estimate the sum of their enemy's losses (which they set down at five-and-twenty thousand men), is probable; but one thing is certain—that the fifth invasion of Virginia has been repulsed with splendid courage and ability, and that the attempt has been punished with absolute slaughter.

Hooker's defeat becomes all the more important when we learn a little more of its history. His movement across the Rappahannock—so far from having been a reconnaissance—appears to have been part of a grand scheme by which the Southern Confederacy should be brought to submission at once. The plan was this—Hooker was to engage Lee, who, finding the whole force of his opponent before him, would naturally draw from Richmond as many soldiers as could possibly be spared from that city. While the grand armies were engaged in the rear of Fredericksburg, General Stoneman was to pass through Virginia, destroying the railways and railway bridges, and rendering Lee's retreat upon Richmond difficult and dangerous. If defeated, his retreat might then be made a route; if victorious, he would be long in getting back to Richmond, where General Keyes was to appear meanwhile and seize the unprotected city. Now, there certainly seems much plausibility in this scheme; but most of the courage and all the generalship being on one side, the plan succeeded only in an insignificant particular. General Stoneman did make a telling raid into Virginia, and he did break up railways and burn bridges in a way which delayed communication a couple of days; but there ended success. Within five days Lee crippled the army of the Potomac and threw it back over the river it had so unfortunately ventured to cross, while, as for General Keyes, he found that his attack on Richmond had been adequately provided for, and he declined the attempt. The scheme proved a complete failure; and yet we are assured that the Federals have suffered no disaster, and that in a few days the army of the Potomac will again advance—this time in earnest—and finish the war.

One grateful gift this battle of the Rappahannock has bestowed on the Federals—the life of General Stoneman.

Jackson. They have much reason to rejoice at his death; but all the rest of the world must mourn that the career of so splendid a soldier and so true a gentleman should terminate so soon. We can well conceive the grief of the South at the loss of such a man—a man who gave his countrymen honour as well as success—a man matchless throughout the Continent; but those who loved and those who feared him should not despond or rejoice over much. No man like Jackson can live as he lived, and fight as he fought, without raising about him emulous spirits; and it is too much to say that he is lost to the South yet. That his death animates his countrymen rather than discourages them will presently appear, we doubt not, should Hooker or any other misguided General repeat the attempt which failed so thoroughly on the 3rd of May.

#### "WHITSUN" AND THE WEATHER.

As a rule, the English worker is not fastidious about the weather. He can do as good a day's labour on a wet day as on a fine one; on a cold day as on a hot one. Give him sound boots and a stout coat, and, hail, rain, or shine, he will trudge from home to "the shop" and back again, from Monday till Saturday, cheerfully taking things as he finds them. He prefers fair weather on Sunday, not so much that he may walk abroad—for your working family-man has no great appetite for Sunday rambling—as that it may be favourable for his about his bit of a garden before dinner, and smoking his pipe at the open parlour-window afterwards. Christmas Day, according to his ideas, should be frosty and so bitter cold that before water can be obtained in the early morning for pudding-mixing purposes the ice in the cistern has to be broken with the copper-stick or any other handy weapon; but it isn't a very serious matter, and, as long as he can bear the heat of a jolly, roaring fire—and he will strip to his shirt sleeves but he will accomplish it—he will not be heard to grumble. At Easter it invariably rains, and he looks for nothing else. Good Fridays are more to be depended on, but cold; besides, Good Friday is not an enjoyable day with Brown; it's all very well for young chaps and girls, but to him it's neither one thing nor another. The "publics" are shut; there is nothing going on at the theatres or concert-halls; the bells are going for church; but the majority of the shops in Brown's neighbourhood are closed only as much as they would be on the death of a distant relation, while those which are closed entirely are undergoing the process of scrubbing or varnishing. Is it a working day, or is it not? Brown feels like a fish out of water, or rather as a fish might be supposed to feel if immersed in weak tea and water, and he isn't comfortable. But with "Whitsun" it is different. As a holiday, he expects it to behave as such. It is his intention to get up to-morrow morning—that being Monday—and Mrs. B. and the children are likewise going to get up, and they are all going out to "enjoy themselves for the day." The lovely little gammon of bacon is already cooked, and lies sacred on the topmost shelf of the dresser. Mrs. B.'s shot silk, which is implicitly believed by the entire family to possess the capability of "standing alone," should it at any time be called on to do so, is spread out in the upper chamber, as is Mr. B.'s light unmentionables, and his "sprigged" waistcoat, and little Polly's muslin, and young Jack's new suit. Besides the money he allows to rattle loosely and rather ostentatiously in his pocket, Brown has yet a sly little half-sovereign by him, which to-morrow is to be expended in a series of delighted surprises for Mrs. B., one of which is a "fly" right from the Gravesend station to Sprinthead, and another is a half a pint of sherry wine, which she has never tasted, and though she asserts that she has no particular desire to, Brown has his own reasons for knowing that she has a particular desire, and one that should not be thwarted, though he went without his tobacco to gratify it. Well, all these delightful anticipations will be realised on the morrow, provided it doesn't rain. If it should—if the day should open with a regular deliberate steady "soaker," as Brown would call it—what dismay will pervade that little household! Young Jack will be the first to make the discovery by having, in pursuance of a resolution made on the previous evening, risen at daybreak for the enjoyment of an hour's private contemplation of his new suit. Up stairs trips the evil tale-bearer, and, rapping at the door, awakens his parent from calm slumber—from a delicious dream, perhaps—he is in the "fly," may be, with the sun shining, and the birds singing, and the misus and children happy as princes, and he smoking his second cheroot. Rap, rap! "All right, my boy. Set light to the kitchen fire, Jack, and put the kettle on. After that you can give my best boots a bit of a polish."

"Father, it rains!" Vanish dreams of sunny Gravesend roads, of tea in rosy arbours, of drinking sherry wine in shot silks that stand alone! Repose, O lovely gammon, on the dresser shelf, or come down and be devoured with no more ceremony than though you were a pig's most common part! Let the best boots alone, unhappy little Jack, and make yourself as unostentatious as possible in your new suit, for your father is in a mood that is intolerant of such spectacles. "Perhaps it will clear off!" suggests the poor little woman from the depths of her melancholy; "we shall see what sort of weather twelve o'clock brings, John, dear." "Well, 'praps it may turn out fine after dinner," replies Brown, who, looking out into the slopmy street, has been secretly resolving in his mind what he shall "do with himself," and finally makes up his mind to go and see these play skittles at the "Albion" for an hour. "I ain't going to play, Polly; just to smoke my pipe and look on. If it clears up before twelve, send Jack round for me while you dress yourself." But it doesn't clear off, and that is Brown's excuse for not coming home to his dinner when little Jack is sent for him; and when, in the course of the afternoon, the clouds roll away and the sun peeps out, Brown has grown weary of skittles, and is bent on "a quiet hand at crib" in the Albion parlour; and there he stays till dark, when he returns remorseful and ready to lay down his life for the little woman who is sitting in tearful and solitary state in the shot silk, and who is scarcely to be appeased by the half-pint of sherry wine which Brown brings home with him.

Most sincerely Brown declares that it wasn't his fault, and really it is hardly just to the poor fellow to say that it was. His original intentions were good as gold, and when he called out to Jack to light the fire and put the kettle on he had generous thoughts of beginning a happy day by getting up and making the toast and the coffee himself, that mother might have no excuse about catching the nine o'clock train. Had the sun risen good humouredly, as on Monday morning last, without doubt the train would have been caught, the lustre of the shot silk would have augmented the dinginess of the Gravesend fly, and all would have gone off merry as a marriage bell.

And this last named result is what did take place with our friend Brown and family on Whit Monday, 1863, for they did enjoy their trip to Gravesend, as depicted in our Engraving, although, for the sake of contrast, we have imagined a very different conclusion of the day's occupations. There the whole party are; repeated in several groups, B's, Mrs. B's, Jack's, babies, "pramulators," donkeys, and all; and very happy and jolly they look, as we heartily wish them to be. There we shall leave them, satisfied that the picture tells the tale of simple-hearted enjoyment much better than we can. May the steady industry of the "hand-worker" earn him many such a Whitsun holiday "outing."

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION have issued a long detail of rules and regulations for the prize meeting of 1863, to be held on Wimbledon Common. The camp will be ready for occupation on Monday, July 6, and the shooting will commence on Tuesday, at one o'clock, when the targets will be open for matches, pool, shooting, &c. On Wednesday, the 8th, and following days, the prize shooting will take place.

SHOCKING DEATH OF AN ACROBAT.—A shocking accident occurred at Yarmouth on Tuesday afternoon. A professional acrobat went up to the top of Nelson's Pillar there, and then, getting outside, he clambered up to the helmet which surmounts the figure of Britannia on the top of the pillar, and there he began, out of mere wantonness, as it appeared, to perform some of his gambols, when he lost his balance, fell, and was dashed to pieces at the foot of the statue.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

The excitement in France on the subject of the elections continues to increase, and the struggles of the "independent" candidates to obtain a chance of due publicity for their addresses are occasionally ingenious and amusing. Count Persigny has published a circular addressed to the Prefect of the Seine in reference to the candidature of M. Thiers and the determination of the Government to oppose it. Had M. Thiers presented himself merely as the historian, Count Persigny states that he would not have met with Imperial opposition; but, as he has come forward in the name of a party which had caused calamities to France, it would be impossible for the present Government to lend him its support. This conduct on the part of M. Persigny is generally condemned, and is believed to have greatly increased M. Thiers's chances of election.

Extensive military preparations are being made in France. It is reported they are meant for the war in Mexico; but in many minds they are connected with an anticipated war with Russia, rumours of which are again current.

### ITALY.

The Turin journals announce that the recent search made in the house of the Austrian Consul at Vallona, in Albania, led to the seizure of a quantity of powder, 455 muskets, 300 pistols, and 780 poniards, all destined for an expedition of brigands into the southern provinces of Italy. The *Opinione* states positively that this expedition was concocted at Rome between General Bosco and two Albanians, one of whom has been arrested at Messina. The latter had engaged to arm 500 men and to conduct them to the Neapolitan territory. It is also stated in some of the Italian papers that Menotti Garibaldi has positively left for the purpose of lending his aid to the Polish insurgents.

The King's speech on opening the New Session of Parliament, which will be found elsewhere, and a positive contradiction given by the Prime Minister, Signor Peruzzi, to some of the statements contained in the speech lately delivered in the House of Commons by Lord Henry Lennox, are the only other topics of special political interest in the news from Italy. It appears that M. Dasi, the person who accompanied Lord H. Lennox through the Neapolitan prisons, and whom the noble Lord stated to be a deputy to the Italian Parliament, is not a deputy at all, and, indeed, never had a seat in the Chamber. Several of the newspapers alleged to have been suppressed were never even interfered with, and two of them at least—the *Perseveranza* of Milan and the *Eco* of Bologna—are still published regularly, as was proved by the production in the Chamber of the preceding day's numbers. In fact, it is affirmed that Lord Henry Lennox had been completely hoaxed by some reactionists into whose hands he had fallen.

### PORTUGAL.

A telegram from Lisbon reports that in the north of Portugal there is a very strong feeling against the Government, which in Foscua and Braga has manifested itself in tumults and seditious cries; the tumult in the latter place necessitated the interference of the guard to suppress it. The Cortes was discussing the Budget, and the Finance Minister had announced some important reductions in the taxes.

### PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia having refused to receive the deputation appointed to present the address of the House of Deputies on the subject of the difference between the Chamber and the Ministers, the document was forwarded to him, as on the occasion of the last appeal of the House, through the Ministry, and was immediately answered through them. Although little hope of a favourable answer could have been entertained, the terms of the reply will create a very disagreeable impression. The King identifies himself thoroughly with his Ministers, and rates the House for its conduct towards them. "Its attitude in foreign affairs has grieved him; but he will maintain the power of the Crown undiminished, and will not allow the foundation upon which it rests to be removed." He concludes, "The Ministers possess my confidence, and their actions have my assent." After this the close of the Session followed, as a matter of course.

### RUSSIA.

The *Northern Post* of May 21 announces that bands of peasants are being organised in the western provinces of Russia for the protection of persons and for keeping open the communications. These peasant bands consist of from 60 to 100 men each, taken from the inhabitants of every place. The chiefs are subordinate to the regular military commanders or to the chiefs of the provincial police.

### GREECE.

A change of Ministry has taken place at Athens. The names of the new Ministers are as follow:—President of the Council, M. Rufos; Minister of the Interior, M. Lendidis; Minister of Finance, M. Komundarus; Minister of Justice, M. Platis; Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Delganni; Minister for War, M. Botzanis; Minister of the Marine, M. Canaris; Minister of Public Worship, M. Califronos. The National Assembly has voted an address conveying its thanks to the three protecting Powers for the benefits they have hitherto conferred upon Greece. The country, however, is becoming every day more and more unsettled, brigandage being quite common, and participated in even by the soldiers.

### THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

THE Session of the Italian Parliament was closed on the 21st inst. by Royal decree; and on Monday last, the 25th, a new Session was opened by the King in person, who delivered the following speech on the occasion:—

Gentlemen Senators, Gentlemen Deputies—In opening the new Session as King of Italy I have to thank you for what you have done during a period of upwards of two years. You have secured the rights of the nation to its complete unity, and I shall know how to maintain them in their integrity.

You first commenced your Parliamentary labours at the time when Providence had taken from us the illustrious man who so powerfully assisted me in the difficult enterprise of our regeneration. All Italy shared the sorrow which I felt for his loss.

Most of the foreign Powers have recognised the new kingdom. Our voice will make itself heard among theirs for the triumph of justice and for the defence of the principles of liberty and nationality.

The marriage of my daughter with the King of Portugal, while creating a useful alliance between two free States, has proved to me, as ever, that the joys of my family are also those of the nation.

Treaties of commerce have been concluded with France, Belgium, Sweden, and Turkey, and others are about to be negotiated with England and Holland. Thus, by community of interests between the peoples, friendly relations grow up between the Governments.

Within two years from the campaign of the glorious sub-Alpine army the soldiers of our new provinces have been organised, and we are now proud of an Italian army, brilliant alike by its valour and solid in its discipline. Our navy, rich with so many great equipments, and to the development of which you have devoted so much solicitude, will equal in progress the renown the army has attained.

My most ardent desire is that the nation may be able to reckon with security upon the force of its own arms, and that Europe should recognise this fact.

Liberty is producing its natural results of order and prosperity in all directions. If the public safety requires efficacious measures in some provinces, my Government will not fail in this supreme duty. The National Guards, who have already deserved so well of the country, will contribute to this object by their zeal. With the same view France is ready to associate herself with us in the adoption of military arrangements whenever she perceives the opportunity.

Public works are carried on with activity in all the provinces of the kingdom. The Tronto has already been passed by the locomotive, and all parts of Italy, already united by feeling, will be still more bound together by facility of communication.

Your most urgent task is to consolidate the laws of the kingdom, at the same time favouring the development of all local force.

Above all, I recommend to the solicitude of Parliament some arrangements relative to the reorganisation of the finances. The capitals of Europe have responded to our appeal with confidence in the new order of things.



It is for us a debt of honour to reply to this confidence by our promptitude to impose upon ourselves the necessary sacrifices.

Gentlemen Senators, Gentlemen Deputies,—

To consolidate liberty, with the Constitution for its base, and by liberty to win the complete independence and unity of the country—such is the end to which we have consecrated our life. To attain it, concord, wisdom, and energy are equally necessary. Italy has shown that she possesses these qualities in the highest degree. By persevering in the same path, no human force will be able to destroy the edifice we have raised, and it is with entire security and faith that I anticipate the hour of the accomplishment of the destinies of Italy.

## THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

### GENERAL NEWS.

The intelligence received from America reaches to the 15th. Mr. Vallandigham, it is said, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Fort Tortugas, but President Lincoln commuted the sentence to his being sent beyond the Federal lines. The charges against Mr. Vallandigham were founded upon the reports of a speech he made at Dayton, furnished by two officers who attended the meeting in disguise. The remarks made by Mr. Vallandigham simply condemned the war as cruel and unnecessary, and censured the conduct of the Government in conducting it; and appear to have been very moderate indeed. The conduct of General Burnside in this affair is generally condemned.

The editor of a Democratic paper, published at Plymouth, Indiana, was arrested on the night of the 5th by a detachment of twelve soldiers, under the command of a Lieutenant, by order of General Haskell. The paper was ordered to be suppressed. The offences of which the editor is accused are his Copperhead politics and disrespect of General Haskell, whom he had publicly stigmatised as a "donkey."

It is stated that some members of the Cabinet had urged the recall of General McClellan, but had been overruled by the opposition of the leading Republican and Abolitionist members of Congress. A call had been issued by the Fernando Wood adherents of the Mozart Democracy for a peace meeting to be held at New York in June. The efforts of the Administration to restore union by force of arms are declared to have failed. Union cannot be restored by mere brute force, therefore the vigorous prosecution of peace is now urged, and while no national dismemberment or terms not justified by every principle of honour will be submitted to, yet the parties issuing the call will go very far in a spirit of conciliation and concession to restore the Union as it was under the Constitution as it is. Great preparations were making for a meeting of all the Loyal Leagues in New York State, to be held at Utica, on the 27th inst. This meeting would urge the vigorous prosecution of the war, and arrangements had been made that all soldiers returned from the war should be present.

The Supreme Court of the district of Columbia had decided that no slave can be arrested and returned to a disloyal master.

General Meagher had resigned his command of the Irish Brigade, on the ground that, as a brigade, it no longer exists. In the various fights that have taken place its numbers have, he says, been reduced below those of a regiment of infantry, and therefore to continue calling it a brigade would be a deception, and tend to bring discredit on a brave race.

A Captain of a New York regiment has been dismissed the Federal service for violating the sovereignty of a friendly State in arresting a deserter and bringing him away from within the boundaries of Canada. The deserter has also been discharged from the Federal service.

### THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST.

Despatches from Cairo, of the 6th, say that an attack of gunboats on Haines' Bluff was repulsed, and they were returning to Young's Point. The Choctaw was much damaged, her turrets penetrated with 64-pound round shot. The Federal loss was eighty killed and wounded.

The Federals claim important successes in the neighbourhood of Vicksburg. After a battle near Port Gibson, in which General Grant is reported to have routed a Confederate army 11,000 strong, who retreated towards Vicksburg, the Federal General pushed on to Jackson, in the rear of that city, which he invested. Later accounts, however, state that the reports of General Grant's having fought battles are untrue. He was endeavouring to cut the railroad from Jackson to Vicksburg. A rumour had reached Murfreesboro' of a battle at Vicksburg, but the result was not known.

Southern papers state that General Banks had been defeated and driven back at Washington, Louisiana, by General Kirby Smith. The report was considered to be of doubtful authenticity.

General Bragg officially reports that General Forrest has captured Colonel Straight's Federal cavalry, numbering 1600, at Rome, Georgia. Colonel Straight was making a destructive raid through Alabama and Georgia. General Bragg's infantry still confront General Rosencranz at Murfreesboro'. Upon the 8th Rosencranz issued an order that the season for active operations had arrived.

The death of General Van Dorn had been officially reported to Richmond. He was shot during a private altercation.

The Federal ironclads had completed their repairs and left Port Royal for Charleston, on which another attack was threatened.

### THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

It appears that General Lee, after driving the Federals under General Sedgwick from the heights of Fredericksburg across the Rappahannock, did not renew the attack upon General Hooker, who took advantage of the lull, and during the night of Tuesday, the 5th, withdrew his forces across the Rappahannock, which he completely effected by daylight on Wednesday, but his rearguard experienced some severe fighting in getting over. General Hooker had again taken up his position at Falmouth, where he was visited, on the 7th, by President Lincoln and General Halleck; and subsequently Mr. Stanton issued an official bulletin, in which he stated that General Hooker's operations had failed, but without serious disaster to the organisation and efficiency of the army. He added that offensive operations would be speedily resumed.

Up to the evening of the 14th inst., nine days after Hooker recrossed the Rappahannock, no movement of either army took place, although there were rumours of another Federal advance, as also of an intention on the part of Lee to cross to the north of the river. It was also stated that General Lee had taken up a new position so as completely to cover the two lines of railway that run from Richmond towards the Potomac. A strong force of Federals had occupied West Point, on York River, destroying bridges and threatening the communications of Lee with Richmond. There was a rumour of Longstreet having defeated this corps, but it wanted confirmation. From Western Virginia movements of considerable bodies of troops are reported, but there has been no fighting.

General Hooker had long interviews with the President at Washington. Nothing was positively known of the nature of the conference. Many rumours were afloat of his superseding or resignation. It was generally believed, however, that he would be retained in command, and conduct another advance.

Both sides give estimates of their own and the other's loss at the battle of Chancellorsville. As might be anticipated, they are widely discrepant. General Hooker states that the army of the Potomac captured seven pieces of artillery and 5000 prisoners, also placing hors de combat 18,000 of the enemy's troops. The Richmond papers declare the battle to have been the severest yet fought, and they estimate the Confederate loss at 8000 to 10,000, and that of the Federals at 25,000 to 30,000, including 8000 prisoners. They also claim to have captured thirty pieces of artillery. General Hooker had already estimated his own loss at 8000 men.

Southern papers say that the siege of Suffolk, which was kept up three or four weeks, enabled General Longstreet to gather up, besides large quantities of corn, over 1,500,000 lb. of bacon.

### HOOKE'S RETREAT.

The New York Times of the 8th thus describes the retreat of General Hooker:—

There was no fighting on Tuesday (the 5th) of any consequence, and the rumours to that effect were founded on a misapprehension. The sharpshooters were quite active, and the artillery opened occasionally; but the results were unimportant. The enemy had evidently massed his army on

our right. About five o'clock in the morning it commenced raining. The water fell in torrents over an hour, deluging the roads, tearing up the corduroys, sweeping away bridges, and threatening the destruction of the pontoons. The river rose with great rapidity, and soon overflowed the ends of the pontoons, rendering crossing impracticable. The upper pontoon was taken up and used in lengthening out the others, and, after several hours of very hard labour, the bridges were once more ready. It was soon evident that General Hooker, seeing his position was rendered temporarily untenable by the storm, had determined to cross over again to this side of the Rappahannock. On Tuesday the order was given to retreat. New roads were cut, the trains and reserve artillery were sent back, and the evacuation was commenced. Pine boughs were spread upon the pontoons to prevent the noise of crossing, and at ten o'clock on Tuesday night the troops commenced falling back. The 1st Corps (Conch's) was the first to cross. The 5th Corps (Meade's) remained in the intrenchments to cover the retreat. The 6th Corps also recrossed United States Ford, and are marching back to Falmouth. At three o'clock on Wednesday morning waggon and mule trains and the artillery had all passed, and the infantry was crossing on two bridges at United States Ford. Conch's Corps was in the advance. The retreat was covered by the 5th (Meade's) Corps. By dark the waggon, extra caissons, pack mules, &c., were at Falmouth. The wounded were hastily removed from the hospitals and sent to Washington, leaving nothing on the other side except our infantry and artillery. The most intelligent estimates place our losses during this brief campaign at not more than 15,000. The rebel army is thought to have lost at least one-third more, as they charged upon our batteries in masses, and were fearfully slaughtered by our artillery.

### GENERAL HOOKE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

On the 6th of May General Hooker issued the following extraordinary general order, after his retreat to the north side of the Rappahannock—extraordinary, considering that he had been glad to get back to his old position, after being beaten and losing nearly a fourth of his army:—

The Major-General Commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources. In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents. By fighting at a disadvantage we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, to our cause, and to our country. Profoundly loyal and conscious of its strength, the army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honour may command it. By the celerity and secrecy of our movements, our advance and passage of the river were undisputed; and on our withdrawal not a rebel dared to follow us. The events of the last week may well cause the heart of every officer and soldier of the army to swell with pride. We have added new laurels to our former renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his intrenchments, and, whenever we have fought, we have inflicted heavier blows than those we have received. We have taken from the enemy 5000 prisoners and fifteen colours, captured seven pieces of artillery, and placed hors de combat 18,000 of our foe's chosen troops. We have destroyed his depôts, filled with vast amounts of stores, damaged his communications, captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation. We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave companions, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitration of battle.

### GENERAL LEE'S REPORTS.

In singular contrast to the above mendacious bombast are General Lee's modest reports to President Davis of the events of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of May. Of the battle with Hooker's principal force, the General says, on the evening of the 3rd—

Yesterday General Jackson penetrated to the rear of the enemy and drove him from all his positions from the Wilderness to within one mile of Chancellorsville. He was engaged at the same time in front by two of Longstreet's divisions. Many prisoners were taken, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded is large. This morning the battle was renewed. He was dislodged from all his positions around Chancellorsville, and driven back towards the Rappahannock, over which he is now retreating. We have again to thank Almighty God for a great victory. I regret to state that General Paine was killed, and General Jackson severely, and Generals Heth and A. P. Hill slightly, wounded.

On the 5th General Lee sent a further report of the repulse of General Sedgwick and the recapture of Fredericksburg in these terms:—

At the close of the battle at Chancellorsville on Sunday the enemy was reported advancing from Fredericksburg upon our rear. General M'Laws was sent to arrest the enemy's progress, and repulsed him handsomely. Learning that the enemy's forces consisted of two corps, under General Sedgwick, I determined to attack him, and, marching back, united with General M'Laws, and drove the enemy across the river.

We have recaptured Fredericksburg. No enemy remains upon the south of the Rappahannock or in the vicinity.

### GENERAL STONEMAN'S RAID.

It appears that a part of the Federal plan of operations was to cut off the communications of the Confederates with Richmond by destroying the railways and bridges in their rear, and thus both prevent supplies and reinforcements from reaching General Lee and compel him in the event of defeat to fall back upon Richmond on foot and by almost impracticable roads. The first part of the project completely failed, from the railways not having been cut till after the Confederate reinforcements had joined the army. The expedition consisted of 2700 picked men and six pieces of flying artillery. It started on the 13th ult., but, owing to the heavy rains, the crossing of the Rappahannock was delayed until a fortnight later, when it was effected at three different points. The task assigned to it was the destruction of the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railway, of the bridges over the South Anna River, and of the locks of the James River Canal. It would appear, however, that General Stoneman did not succeed in destroying the bridges on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, and the communication between General Lee's troops and the capital was unimpeded. The proceedings of General Stoneman's Federal force are reported as follow:—

"They burnt the bridges over the Chickahominy, destroyed three large trains of provisions in the rear of Lee's army, drove in the rebel pickets to within two miles of Richmond, and have lost only one Lieutenant and thirty men, having captured and paroled over three hundred prisoners. Among the prisoners was an aide of General Winder, who was captured with his escort far within the intrenchments outside Richmond. This cavalry force has marched nearly two hundred miles since the 3rd of May. They were inside the fortifications of Richmond on the 4th; burnt all the stores at Aylett's Station, on the Mattaponi, on the 5th; destroyed a little ferry over the Pamunky and Mattaponi, and a large depot of commissary stores near and above the Rappahannock, and returned to headquarters in good condition."

### DEATH OF GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

General Lee, in an official order dated the 11th inst., announced to the Confederate army the death of General Stonewall Jackson. General Jackson received two wounds in the sanguinary conflicts in which he once again defeated the Federal army. One of them was in the left arm, and the other in the right hand. It was found necessary to amputate his wounded arm, and the effects of the operation, together with pneumonia, caused his death. In speaking of his wound, previously to his death, the Richmond Examiner says:—

We could better spare a brigade or a division, and our base foe will exit in the disaster to General Jackson; yet the accused bullet that brought him down was never moulded by a Yankee. Through a cruel mistake in the confusion the hero received two balls from his own men, who would all have died for him.

In this order the Confederate Commander-in-Chief says:—

With deep grief the Commanding-General announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General Jackson, who expired upon the 9th, at 3.15 p.m. The daring skill and energy of this great and good soldier, by a decree of an all-wise Providence, are now lost to us; but, while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength.

Let his name be a watchword for his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let officers and soldiers imitate his invincible determination to do everything in the defence of our beloved country.

In a letter addressed to General Jackson immediately on hearing of his wound, General Lee says:—

I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. If I could have directed events I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy.

General Jackson's funeral took place at Richmond on the 12th with great demonstrations of sorrow and respect. The Richmond Whig says that since the death of Washington no similar event has so profoundly and so sorrowfully impressed the people of Virginia as General Jackson's death.

### THE PANIC OF THE GERMANS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The correspondent of the New York Herald describes as follows the panic of the German division which took place when the Confederates made their first onslaught on the Federals on the 2nd inst.:—

I must frankly confess that I have no ability to do justice to the scene. It was my lot to be in the centre of that field when the panic burst upon us. May I never be a witness to another such scene. On one hand was a solid column of infantry retreating at double quick from the face of the enemy, who were already crowding their rear; on the other was a dense mass of beings who had lost their reasoning faculties, and were flying from a thousand fancied dangers as well as from the real danger that crowded so close upon them, aggravating the fearfulness of their situation by the very precipitancy with which they were seeking to escape from it. On the hill were 10,000 of the enemy, pouring their murderous volleys in upon us, yelling and hooting to increase the alarm and confusion. Hundreds of cavalry horses, left riderless at the first discharge of the rebels, were dashing frantically about in all directions; a score of batteries of artillery were thrown into disorder, some properly manned, seeking to gain positions for effective duty, and others flying from the field; battery waggon, ambulances, horses, men, cannon, caissons, all jumbled and tumbled together in an apparently inextricable mass, and that murderous fire still pouring in upon them. To add to the terror of the occasion, there was but one means of escape from the field, and that through a little narrow neck or ravine washed out by Scott's Creek. Towards this the confused mass plunged headlong. For a moment it seemed as if no power could avert the frightful calamity that threatened the entire arm. That neck passed, and this panic-stricken, disordered body of men and animals permitted to pass down through the other corps of the army, our destruction was sure. But in the midst of that worst alarm there was a cool head. That threatened calamity was averted by the determined self-possession of Major-General Daniel E. Sickles. Spurring his horse forward, he forced his way through the tangled mass and entered this narrow neck. Across this neck there runs a thick brick wall, behind which the forces of Generals Williams and Berry had already thrown themselves preparatory to meeting the enemy. On one flank of the wall was the deeply sunken bed of the creek, impassable for any species of vehicle and scarcely safe for men. At the upper end of the wall was a narrow gateway, the only opening to be found. To this point General Sickles picked his way, and there, drawing his sword, blocked the passage with himself and horse. On came the panic-stricken crowd, terrified artillery riders spurring and lashing their horses to the utmost; riderless horses dashing along regardless of all obstacles; ambulances upsetting and being dashed to pieces against trees and stumps; men flying and crying with alarm—a perfect torrent of passion, apparently uncontrollable. But, against it all the brave General threw himself, and by his determined bravery brought the first heavy mass—cannon drawn by six horses, well mounted—to a halt, and blocked the passage. Others dashed up behind and crowded upon the first, their drivers cursing and swearing and calling to the foremost to go on. The loose horses jumped the stone wall, and the flying men scrambled over it, utterly oblivious to the fact that the opposite side was crowded with men whose lives were thus doubly endangered. But by the blockade of the main passage the stampede of artillery and cavalry had been principally checked. On a halted, reason began to return to those who had previously lost it, and much of the artillery, properly manned, was quickly brought back upon the field. They all seemed possessed with an instinctive idea of the shortest and most direct line from the point whence they started to the United States Ford, and the majority of them did not stop until they had reached the ford. Many of them, on reaching the river, dashed in and swam to the north side, and are supposed to be running yet. It was no worse with privates than with officers. The stampede was universal; the disgrace general.

### IRELAND.

OUTRAGE NEAR LIMERICK.—An audacious outrage was committed last Friday night near the Limerick junction station on the Great Southern and Western Railway, Ireland. The victim was Mr. Matthew Lynch, a respectable builder of Dublin, and the perpetrator was a porter in the employment of the railway company. Mr. Lynch, who is building several houses at Clonmel, was in the habit of visiting that town every week to superintend the works and to pay his men. On those occasions he had considerable sums of money with him—a fact which was known to the officials on the line. On Friday night he was returning to Dublin, and at the Limerick junction he took a seat in the 12.15 up train. Mr. Lynch was alone in the carriage, and was composing himself to sleep, when, the train being still in slow motion, a porter came to the door which was locked, at the opposite side from the platform, and putting his hand in at the window, attempted to open the door. Mr. Lynch, knowing that the man had no business there, asked him what he wanted. The porter, in reply, asked Mr. Lynch had he any money? Mr. Lynch said he had none for him, and directed him to go away, but he persisted in his attempt to force open the door. Mr. Lynch held it firm and closed. After a good deal of struggling, the train all the time increasing its speed, the ruffian, finding his efforts to effect an entrance unavailing, threw a stone at Mr. Lynch's head, which struck him on the forehead over the left eye, partially stunning him, and forcing him to let go his hold. The door immediately flew open before his assailant had time to jump away, it having opened against him, and he was flung off to the ground. To this circumstance Mr. Lynch owes his escape from more serious injury, though he was severely cut. The wound on his forehead was one of a very serious character, and the stone with which it was inflicted, and which remained in the carriage, was found to weigh fully 2 lb. On arriving at Thurles he reported the outrage and described the man, who was arrested soon afterwards. He had received severe injuries in the fall from the carriage.

### SCOTLAND.

CAIRN AT BALMORAL IN HONOUR OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—A large cairn of pyramidal shape, erected by command of Her Majesty the Queen in memory of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, has just been completed. It occupies a commanding position on a hill some distance south of the castle, and may be distinctly seen from the turnpike, nearly opposite Craibie. It is built of roughly-dressed stones, and measures 35 ft. square at the base, by 40 ft. in height. On the north slope a tablet is built, having on it a suitable inscription, with a quotation from the Wisdom of Solomon, chap. iv., v. 13 and 14—"He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time. For his soul pleased the Lord; therefore hastened He to take him away from among the wicked." On the east slope are cut out the initials of all the members of the Royal family, and the date, Aug. 21, 1862, immediately under.

TOADS IN A HOLE.—Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming describes in a letter to the newspapers the circumstances attending the discovery lately of living toads in making a railway cutting through rocks near Altyre. The ground under which these living toads are found consists of two feet of black soil; from six to twelve of water-worn gravel, and four to eight feet of hard sandstone, all resting upon a bed of red conglomerate. "While inspecting the railway works," writes Sir Alexander, "I have myself seen numbers of living toads taken out of the conglomerate, at depths of from fifteen to twenty-four feet from the surface. An extensive and seemingly unbroken bed of rock covers the stratum in which these living toads are found. In sloping the sides of the cutting to one-and-a-half in one we may anticipate a further release of prisoners."

### THE PROVINCES.

THE CUMBRIAN BRIDAL GIFT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—The Cumbrian Cup, manufactured by Mr. James A. Wheatley, of Carlisle, and exhibited by him in the International Exhibition last year, has been presented by some of the ladies of Cumberland to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with an additional stand and appropriate ornaments. The cup, which is mounted in Cumberland silver, was forwarded to General Knollys by the High Sheriff of the county on the 11th inst. General Knollys, in acknowledging the gift on the 14th inst. on the part of their Royal Highnesses, states that they "desire to assure the donors that they are not less sensible of the beauty and execution of the workmanship than grateful for the feelings which have prompted the gift on such an occasion."

REMARKABLE ACCIDENT.—A singular and fatal accident happened near Preston on Saturday morning. A large boiler, weighing about eight tons, was being brought on a lorry or truck from Manchester. Arrived on the top of a steep hill, the men in charge neglected to put the brakes on to the wheels of the lorry. The result was that, soon after the descent was commenced, the lorry attained a speed which defied all restraint, and outran the galloping horses. Three of the animals were thrown down and instantly killed, and one of the men in charge was also hurled from his place and run over, death being instantaneous.

SPARROWS.—FAITHLESSNESS, JEALOUSY, AND REVENGE.—Two sparrows began to build a nest in the Tyne Dock wagon-shops. Before its completion the female bird eloped with another sparrow, and, both returning, ejected the male bird, after a severe fight. The discomfited bird hovered about the spot, and, in the absence of the wicked pair, placing his back beneath the feathery mass, raised it from its resting-place and sent it to the ground. The birds on their return were evidently much surprised at the demolition of their habitation, but set to work and built another, watched by the rejected mate. In two days' time it was rebuilt, and off they went to forage, when the other bird again demolished it. The birds have recommenced building.

SNOW FELL IN CONSIDERABLE QUANTITIES in various parts of Wales last week. On the Moel-moethure hills the snow was ankle-deep—a circumstance which has not occurred for many years past.





THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.—VIEW OF MICHALOWICZ.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. LALLEMAND.)

#### THE POLISH INSURGENTS.

THE intrigues of the Russian agents have developed a new and terrible element in the conflict which is devastating Poland. Throughout Lithuania they have been announcing to the raskolniks that the first steps taken by the Polish insurgents will be to massacre the "old believers," after having burnt and destroyed their villages, and these representations have aroused all the fury of fanaticism. The raskolniks have risen to massacre the Polish proprietors and to lay waste their estates. Above twenty mansions have already been destroyed and their defenders treated with barbarous cruelty; while the surrounding districts have been almost desolated. In addition to the great number who have met with violent or cruel deaths, there are 120 persons, all of whom had been captured by the Raskolniks, im-

prisoned in the fortress of Dynaburg, besides some who are confined at Kraalaw. Everyone, however innocent, who is brought before the authorities by a raskolnik is shut up in the fortress, generally half dead and bleeding from the inhuman treatment he has received.

These unfortunate prisoners are sent by railway to Dynaburg, whence they are marched through a sea of mud to the fortress, loaded with heavy leaden weights in order to increase their tortures.

The raskolniks are everywhere proclaiming that they are acting under the orders of the Czar and the commandant of the fortress, by whom they have been distinctly directed to plunder, burn, and destroy the estates, and seize the nobles, only not kill them. At length, when the evil was spreading, and threatening the government of Oskow and Russia itself, General Szawalow was sent down to put

a stop to it. The only result of his mission has hitherto been his attempting to throw the fault on the Catholic peasantry. Meanwhile he pays three silver roubles to each raskolnik, and encourages them to look for arms and give up every one connected with the insurrection.

Under these circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that in some districts the insurrection should partake of the nature of a "religious war," and many of the Polish peasants have commenced burning the Greek churches. A numerous band of these men is now formed in Samogitia, under the command of Mackiewicz, a Roman Catholic priest.

The insurrection, which, under the command of L'ngiewicz, raged principally round Miechow and Michalowicz, has spread throughout several districts, and it would be difficult to assign any particular spot



POLISH INSURGENTS SETTING FIRE TO A GREEK CHURCH NEAR NOVOGROUDECK, LITHUANIA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. LABERTI.)





PARISIAN TYPES.—THE DEALER IN FEATHER BRUSHES, BROOMS, AND WOODEN SPOONS.

as the head-quarters of any one General. Michalowicz himself, near which the camp of Langiewicz was formed, was stormed and taken by the Russians; and, since the dispersion of the General's forces, they have been reunited under several commanders in various parts of the country. The principal army seems to be that under the command of Jezioranski, in whose last battle, which lasted seven hours, the Russian forces engaged were four times as numerous as those of the Poles, the Imperial troops, finding their most desperate attacks were

all in vain, ended, as they fell back, by firing in their impotent rage upon the wounded. The Austrians (Hungarians) who watched the battle from a neighbouring elevation, and cheered the Poles with enthusiasm throughout their hard fight, had been prevented with difficulty from assisting what at first appeared to be the weaker side, and their indignation knew no bounds when they saw the wounded being put to death. They even went under fire to save them, but without taking part in the fighting, since Jezioranski refused to

accept their services, which in the excitement of the moment were offered him.

There are nearly 200 small bands about, of from 50 to 500 men each, and even in the district bordering on Cracow insurgent companies are no sooner dispersed than fresh ones are formed. Since Easter, five detachments have been utterly defeated near Cracow:—Gregowicz's, at Szklary; Mossakowski's, beyond O.kosz; Mieroslawski's, at Igolomia; Miniewski's, beyond Olkusz; and Rumowski's,



at Sice. But five new detachments, as numerous, as well armed, and, it is to be hoped, much better provisioned than the others, were recently on the point of starting for the frontier.

Some fresh defeats of the Russian troops seem once more to have roused the savage cruelty which they always exhibit when unsuccessful, and terrible stories are told of the brutal treatment sustained by prisoners, and of the massacre of wounded men. It is stated that at Warsaw great excitement prevailed on the 13th. Cannon had been brought from the citadel and posted on the bridges, so as to command the suburb of Praga. There was a rumour among the soldiers that the citadel was mined and was about to be blown up, and twenty-five of the houses facing it had been searched throughout. Fresh posts of infantry and Cossacks had been formed at all the barriers, and detachments were moving about in every direction in search of insurgents, who had shown themselves close to the city. The whole of the district of Rawa, the centre of which is about fifty miles to the south or south-west of Warsaw, was in the hands of the insurgents, and under the civil as well as military rule of the Polish National Government.

Though it is generally believed that without foreign aid the Poles must finally succumb to the superior power of Russia, yet it is evident, from the desperate energy with which the insurgents maintain their cause, that the struggle will not only be a prolonged one, but will cost the Russians an immense amount of men and treasure before it is finished. The telegrams we from day to day receive show that, beaten in one quarter, the insurgents make head and gain victories in another, and that the insurrectionary spirit continues to increase. The National Government has issued a decree ordering the organisation of a general rising to take place on the 1st of June. Levies are directed to be made for the purpose in Poland, Lithuania, and Russia. Langiewicz was designated as the leader of the movement, and he endeavoured to escape in order to accept the post. The Russian Government are taking measures to protect themselves against the Polish tendencies of the functionaries, and have issued a decree for the reorganisation of the police, and the dismissal of all functionaries who have not the confidence of the Government. Several arrests have been made, and domiciliary visits are frequent in Warsaw, which are supposed to be preliminary to the declaration of a state of siege.

A writer in the *Breslau Gazette* observes that Poland presents at this moment a strange sight. Two Powers are governing simultaneously—one is public, and is, nevertheless, forced to support itself by gendarmes and Cossacks; the other is occult, but it walks the streets of Warsaw side by side with the reigning powers, the Grand Duke Constantine and the Marquis Wielopolski. One possesses an official press, but its writers are objects of universal scorn. The other has at its service the most devoted pens, which require no reward, and, nevertheless, new papers appear every day. The Russian Government employs numerous agents, but, whether willingly or through fear, they execute the commands of the National Government. The latter is every day taking the place of its rival, and forcing it to lose ground which it will be very difficult to recover. The sanguinary engagements which are following in succession are less fruitful in results than the struggle of the two Governments to obtain the advantage.

#### TYPES OF PARIS LIFE.

##### THE FEATHER-BRUSH MERCHANT.

THIS itinerant tradesman of Paris displays more picture que elements than are to be discovered amongst the same class in London. Either in their appearance, their manner, or the peculiarity of the articles in which they deal, they are somehow more attractive to the artistic eye, and, at the same time, exhibit an advantage that theatrical manner which is peculiar to their nation, and which is in them often seriously grotesque. It is this which establishes for them a local if not a general notoriety; each of them cultivates and displays some distinct characteristic, and becomes inseparably connected with a certain calling. Our present type is not perhaps so picturesque as some of those whose portraits we have previously published; but he is so well known that he will doubtless be recognised by many of our readers; while the English excursionists who have become acquainted with the French capital during the present week will doubtless meet with "M. Plumet" in their walks, and turn round to gaze after him as he shambles along, his back presenting the appearance of some monstrous bird. It is a wonder, indeed, how he can move under such an array of feather whisks, brooms, metal mugs, wooden spoons, corkscrews, and a vis; and, as he crawls along leaning on his crutches, those straddling legs, their ragged linen bound round with thongs crossed sandalwise, seem incapable of bearing the weight of a single extra plume. Covering the place where his waistcoat should be if he wore one, are artistically displayed rows of those wooden spoons so useful in a competing community; the tin or pewter goblets, the corkscrews, and other small implements which form part of his stock-in-trade occupying convenient spaces about his ribs and arms. The centre from which these all radiate, however, is a wooden salt-box, scarcely, one would hope, intended to be sold for its original purpose, since in this he keeps his money, his pipe, and his tobacco, both for smoking and for chiques. Below this receptacle the feather brushes spread in the form of a Roman toga or a Highland kilt, and his back and shoulders exhibit a still greater number of these, the principal articles of his trade, mingled with those curious fans made of long carved matches of wood, which are used for fanning the charcoal fires. These are spread above his shoulders, and are interspersed with two or three brooms, so that his body is almost entirely concealed; and the wayfarer who, during an early morning walk, hears his harsh cry, and, turning suddenly, catches only a back view of him in a quiet street, may well look with dismay upon a figure for which he has not been prepared by his previous acquaintance with natural history and the varieties in species.

### Imperial Parliament.

THURSDAY, MAY 28.  
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

#### PACKET SERVICE—SUPPLY.

MR. WALPOLE rose on report of Supply to call the attention of the House to the unusual and inconvenient form of proceeding, and to move the rejection of all the words after "1864." The right hon. gentleman contended that the course adopted was opposed to the by-laws of the House, and that a persistence in it would cause great confusion and inconvenience.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER opposed the motion, both on the ground of form and substance, which the right hon. gentleman had set up against the vote. The proceeding of the House was of a regular character, and quite within the powers of the Committee of Supply.

After some discussion the House divided, when Mr. Walpole's amendment was negatived by a majority of 205 against 191.

The report of the Committee of Supply was then agreed to.

#### RAILWAY PASSENGERS' DUTY.

The House having gone into Committee of Ways and Means, The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved the following resolutions:— "That, in lieu of the duty now payable for and in respect of passengers conveyed for hire upon or along any railway, there shall be charged and paid in Great Britain a duty of excise at and after the rate of £3 10s. for £100 upon all sums received or charged for the fare or conveyance of all such passengers.

"That section 9 of the Act passed in the seventh and eighth years of her Majesty's reign, chapter 85, which enacts that no tax shall be levied upon the receipts of any railway company from the conveyance of passengers at fares not exceeding one penny for each mile by any such cheap train as in the said Act is mentioned, shall be repealed.

"That the exemption from duty granted by the 9th section of the Act passed in the seventh and eighth years of her Majesty's reign, chapter 85, in respect of the conveyance of passengers by cheap trains, shall not extend to any railway train which shall not be a train running on at least six days of the week, or else a train running to or from a market town on a market day, and approved of by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade and Plantations as a cheap train, for the conveyance of passengers to or from market."

MR. THOMPSON opposed the resolutions, on the grounds that the railway companies were already too heavily taxed, and that the excursion-train, which the right hon. gentleman proposed to visit with this impost, was the poor man's train, and it was the working classes that would indirectly suffer by this system of taxation.

The resolutions were ultimately agreed to.

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### ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1863.

#### THE NEW VOLUNTEER BILL.

OUR recurrence to the topic indicated by our heading is dictated by a conviction of the importance of the subject, and a desire that a measure apparently so generous, but, withal, embodying such dangerous provisions, should not be allowed to pass without public and most attentive consideration. It is a measure which most especially demands the attention of the whole body of volunteers throughout the country; for, although its most sanguine supporters can scarcely hope for the enactment of its objectionable clauses, it ought to serve as a warning to Englishmen, however patriotic, and however popular their cause may be, to guard against insidious encroachments under the guise of patronage, with as much vigilance as against the attacks of avowed enemies.

The objectionable clauses of this bill spare no degree, from the Crown to the humblest private, in the vain attempt to convert the volunteer movement into an aristocratic despotism. The clauses against which the volunteers have protested and still protest, are an insult alike to the Crown, the Constitution, and the people. This is a sweeping charge, and we propose to justify it, not by mere statement, but by the bill itself. By sec. 24, although the rules of a volunteer corps, made in relation to its civil affairs, may have received her Majesty's approval, such approval is to go for nothing if the Lieutenant of the county to which the corps belongs should not "think fit"—after thinking fit to obtain such approval—to notify it to the commanding officer of the corps. A more impudent attempt than this at a power to control the will of the Sovereign has certainly never fallen under our notice. Who and what are Lieutenants of counties, that they, of all persons in England, are to exercise such a prerogative? These gentlemen are seen occasionally, we believe, at levées, where they make a somewhat gorgeous appearance. But the temper of the nation is scarcely yet prepared to extend their functions, which are at present, perhaps, the more respected in regard of being mysterious; or at least non-obtrusive.

Sec. 16 has, among the many published objections to this bill, hitherto escaped notice. It provides that any Lieutenant of a county may call out the volunteers on active service at his own free will and pleasure; and, whether there be occasion or not, march them all, under military law, to any part of Great Britain. Truly a notable scheme for getting the volunteers out of the way! Any volunteer refusing to obey such an order is to be liable to punishment as a deserter. This is original, and is at least calculated to give the volunteers a cheerful and novel interest in the sanity of their Lords Lieutenant.

The whole system of English penal and social law is set at defiance by the 21st section, which, while it gives to a commanding officer the power to dismiss any volunteer for any "sufficient cause," leaves not only the sufficiency, but the existence of such cause, to be judged of by such officer without affording any means of defence. The officer is to combine the functions of judge and jury, and, if he so desire it, of accuser and witness also. The simplicity with which the framer of the clause leaves it open to the obvious objection of the possible non-existence of any cause whatever is a thing to be admired. In fact, he takes pains actually to guard against cavil on this account, by constituting the commanding officer the sole and irresponsible judge. Volunteers are told that this clause is only a reproduction of one in the Act 44 Geo. III., c. 54. If this be so, the compilers of the abstract of the Volunteer Acts, as furnished to every member of the corps, have been wise enough to keep this offensive power decently out of sight, by announcing it to be exercised only in cases of "disobedience of orders, &c." But even by this old Act commissioned officers were expressly exempted from such a summary dismissal, an exemption which is omitted from the present bill.

Not satisfied, however, with providing for infraction of Royal prerogative and personal right, this bill actually provides for (not against) violation of itself. Those who have hitherto regarded a breach of an Act of Parliament as a misdemeanour, if not a crime, may be surprised to learn that this bill, while contemplating the evasion of its own directions, sanctions such evasion, and casts the consequent difficulty in the way, not of the offender, but of the aggrieved party. By sec. 7 any volunteer may resign under certain conditions, and thereupon he "shall be struck out of the muster-roll of the corps by the commanding officer." But if such officer refuse to comply, the volunteer's remedy is not, as it should be, against him for disobedience of the statute, but by appeal to "two Deputy Lieutenants, or to one Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace." Herein the old Act already cited appears to have been followed, but surely modern improvements in legislative administration might point to some tribunal for such an appeal likely to command better legal authority than that to be obtained from a Deputy Lieutenant, who is not ordinarily trained to the exercise of judicial functions.

We repeat that this bill as it stands is to be regarded rather as a warning than as a peril. The absurdity of its obnoxious

provisions furnishes the readiest weapons for their own defeat. On reading through the bill one would imagine that the volunteer movement was embodied in, and represented by, commanding officers and county lords lieutenant, who kindly allow to certain privileged portions of the public, during good behaviour and during the pleasure of such officers, the privilege of being their humble followers. This aspect, we are willing to believe, has been given to the bill, not by these officers themselves legislating, or attempting to do so, on their own behalf, but by extremely injudicious and officious friends. We trust that the commanding officers themselves will be the first to repudiate the desire imputed to them by this bill for the usurpation of unconstitutional authority.

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been elected patron of the Norfolk Agricultural Society. His Royal Highness is expected to visit Sandringham again in the shooting season.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE, with their infant daughter, left for the Continent on Saturday.

THE KING OF WURTEMBERG, the oldest sovereign in Europe, who is in the eighty-second year of his age and the forty-seventh of his reign, is seriously ill and not expected to live.

LETTERS FROM ST. PETERSBURG state that the health of the Empress of Russia is in such a condition as to inspire some uneasiness.

LORD CLYDE has now nearly recovered from the illness under which he was recently labouring, and which, it appears, was not so severe as at first reported.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has consented to become the patron of the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females, at Homerton.

COLONEL JAMES FRASER has been elected to fill the post of First Commissioner of the City Police, vacant by the death of the late Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey.

THE PEAR CROP is far more promising than the apple crop in the south of England.

A GRAND CONSERVATIVE BANQUET, it is rumoured, is to take place on the 8th of June at Willis's Rooms. The Earl of Shrewsbury is to occupy the chair.

THE SUM OF £5000 has been invested in the funds to the credit of the O'Connell Statue Fund.

THE GARTER vacant by the death of Earl Conning is to be conferred upon Earl Grey.

A CHIMNEY OF AN IRON FOUNDRY IN WIGAN fell to the ground on Tuesday, fortunately after the whole of the workmen had been alarmed. The chimney was 90 ft. high, and in its fall it crushed the pattern-shop.

THE PERSONALTY OF THE LATE SIR TATTON SYKES has been sworn under £120,000. The testator directs that his favourite horses are to be kept free from work and well fed.

LORD NAPIER, our Minister at Vienna, is said to have had a box containing important private instructions stolen. It is supposed that they are now in the possession of the Russian or the Prussian Government.

A GREAT FIRE has taken place at and around the Cairo railway terminus in which more than forty lives were lost.

LAST WEEK a woman died in Reay, North Britain, after having attained the extraordinary age of 107 years. Four generations live under the roof of the house in which the woman died.

THE TRUNK LINE OF THE ITALIAN RAILWAY has been opened from Turin to Pessara, in the Abruzzi, and will next year be opened to Foggia, reaching Naples probably by 1866.

THE NUMBER OF CARRIAGES IN PARIS UNDER LOUIS XIV. did not exceed 5000, while it at present exceeds 60,000.

A YOUNG MAN was knocked down by a fire-engine in Fleet-street, on Monday night, and so severely injured that he died in the hospital on Tuesday morning.

MME. DE LAMARTINE has just died, after a short illness. She was an English lady, the daughter of a country squire named Birch, who had property in one of the eastern counties. Lamartine himself is seriously ill.

THE INHABITANTS OF SYDNEY, New South Wales, now obtain home-made ice, manufactured by producing artificial cold by a chemical process. In the past summer it has been delivered at 3d. a pound, but a cheaper rate is promised for next summer.

PROFESSOR ROBERT WAGNER, of Göttingen, issues a proposal for an international exhibition, next year, of human craniology in all its known diversities; but no whereabouts, or "place of skulls," has been yet fixed on for the show.

A GREAT MATCH AT CRICKET, between the All-England Eleven and the United All-England Eleven, was played at "Lord's" on Monday and Tuesday, and resulted in a victory for the last-named party: the numbers being—United Eleven, 299; All-England Eleven, 189.

AT A BULL-FIGHT, on the 18th inst., the celebrated toreador, known as El Tato, received a rather severe wound in the breast from the horn of one of the animals. It is not, however, likely to prove dangerous.

SURGEON-MAJOR C. G. LOGIE, of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), writes to the papers to say that he has found a decoction of the root of the North American plant called the "Saracinea purpurea," or pitcher-plant, an efficacious remedy for smallpox. It speedily cures the disease and effectually prevents "pitting."

THE SHIP MOOREFOOT, 1051 tons register, belonging to the port of London, has been totally lost off the Mauritius while on her homeward voyage from Calcutta, and out of her crew, consisting of forty-two men and officers and four passengers, only fifteen persons were saved.

MR. ALEXANDER HUTCHINGS, an English merchant resident in New York, was in an oyster store in that city and made a remark about Jeff Davis, which was overheard, but misunderstood, by a zealous Yankee. Information was given to the police, Mr. Hutchings was arrested on a charge of treason, and has since become insane.

A GAMEKEEPER IN THE DISTRICT OF CRIEFF observed a fox's nest in a sandbank a few days ago, and, while digging out the nest, discovered therein nine mullock, four lems, three ducks, one pheasant, six plovers, and the leg of a sheep.

THE SWISS HAVE ESTABLISHED AN ALPINE CLUB, under the title of "Schweizerische Alpen Club," at Berne. It is supported by numerous eminent men in that country, who are desirous of rendering it an important medium of communication among Alpine explorers.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS and Co., of New Burlington-street, London, have been appointed music publishers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

THE EXECUTORS of the late Mrs. Ann Cutto, of the Old Kent-road, have promptly paid to the National Life-boat Institution £1000, being the amount of that lady's munificent legacy to that important and valuable society. With its large fleet of 124 life-boats to keep up in a state of thorough efficiency, the institution requires all the help a benevolent public can extend to it.

AN AMERICAN PAPER announces a duel between S. K. Knott and A. W. Shott, in which it is reported Knott was shot and Shott was not. "Under these circumstances," says the editor, "we would rather have been shot than not."

THE BRITISH STEAMER AMALIA, arrived from Malta, was in collision, on the 15th inst., at two a.m., with the Belgian steamer Marie de Brabant, from the result of which the latter shortly after sank. Unhappily, five of the crew were drowned; the rest, twenty-one in number, were saved by the Amalia.

THE SLIGO GENTRY are so eager to have the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society for 1864 in their town that they are making preparations for it already, and £500, including £100 from Lord Palmerston, has been subscribed to defray the necessary expenses.

THE CELEBRATED VINEYARD OF CLOSVOUGEOT is about to be offered for sale. It was declared to be national property in the year 1793, and was sold by the Government of that day for 1,582,000*fr.* Several portions of the estate have since been sold, and, nevertheless, it is expected that what remains will sell for double what was paid for the entire.

A PRUSSIAN CAPTAIN of CAVALRY, named Von Stramberg, inserts a notice in the *Silesian Journal* to the effect that, having been removed from the service by the sentence of a court of honour, he desires to make it known that it was for no worse offence than being the author of a pamphlet entitled, "What is Necessary for the Army."

MR. STONE, principal assistant at the Greenwich Observatory, has been making a series of calculations on the mean horizontal parallax of the sun, deduced from observations made at Greenwich on the planet Mars at his recent opposition, compared with similar observations made in Australia. The result is that the sun is found to be three millions of miles nearer to the earth than previous calculations have made it.

A MAN named Thomas Cox has been committed for trial at Safron Walden on a charge of assault. The offence was committed eleven years ago on one of Lord Braybrooke's gamekeepers. A warrant was issued for the apprehension of the prisoner at the time, but he got out of the way, and has not been captured until now.



## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE House of Commons is once more in Session, and will have no more holidays until its dismissal for the long vacation. It ought to be prorogued in the middle of July, for it has very little to do. I have seen at this time of year nearly a hundred orders of the day upon the book; there is not more than half that number this year, and about a quarter of a hundred Government bills. Neither is there any measure likely to evoke serious fighting or protracted debate; whilst the supplies might be cleared off in a night. Still, I do not expect that the House will rise before the last week in July, for, though there is not much to be done, there is plenty to talk about. Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck will have to reply to the speeches in the Italian Parliament touching the Neapolitan prisons. Mr. Bernal Osborne has a speech on the Irish Church prepared and tacked for use. It is said that the Admiralty, warned by what occurred at Charleston, have determined to pause in the building of Captain Coles's iron-plated ships. If so, we may be sure that there will be a lively discussion upon that subject. Captain Grant's cooking apparatus, a notice of motion on which has been upon the paper all the Session, will take the best part of a night, if General Lindsay, the Captain's friend, do not depart for Canada, whither he is going to take a command, before he can find an opening for the motion. There are several Irish topics waiting for ventilation prominently one on Irish distress. Mr. Vincent Scully is in Ireland, I believe. Perhaps he will not show again. But if he should, I would bet upon the first week in August rather than the last in July. By-the-by, in speaking of the bills before the House, I forgot to mention an Irish Salmon Fisheries Bill. On this we shall have immeasurable debate. Mr. McMahon has a bill before the House, and has had every year for a dozen years. It is not, however, to Mr. McMahon's bill that I allude, but to one prepared by the Government. Mr. McMahon's bill was not satisfactory, and so Sir Robert Peel undertook to bring in a measure "which he hoped would prove pleasant to all parties." This hope, however, I am told, will not be realised. It is more likely, I hear, that the bill will please nobody. And it is quite certain that there will be furious and lengthened debates upon these competing schemes. And so, though there is but little business to be done, there are plenty of openings for talk, and not a very bright prospect of an unusually short Session.

The Government is again proving the truth of the saying that "the Tories run their heads against brick walls, but the Whigs build walls to run their heads against." The Volunteer Bill is one of these walls. On reading this bill I was reminded of a saying of an old and experienced member, "It is impossible to gauge official stupidity." If Government wished to utterly destroy the volunteer movement, it could not take a more effectual step than it has done in proposing this strange and impolitic measure. Some of its worst clauses were noticed in your able leader upon the subject last week. Let me call attention to clause 19, which runs as follows:—

Whenever a volunteer corps, with the approval of one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, voluntarily assembles on being called upon by the Lieutenant of the county to which the corps belongs to act within that county or the adjacent counties for the suppression of riots or tumults, every officer and volunteer and non-commissioned officer of the permanent staff belonging to the corps, and assembling with the corps, shall, for the purposes of this Act, be deemed an actual military service.

It would seem, then, that by some old Acts of Parliament, temp. George III., the Lords Lieutenant have the power to call out volunteer corps to quell riots and tumults. I cannot think, however, that the promoters of the volunteer movement had any idea that the volunteers of this day could be pressed into such service. Nor is it politic, I conceive, that it should be so. The volunteers were intended to act only in case of invasion. The movement was, and continues to be, popular; but once let the volunteers be called out to act against their own countrymen and they will become as unpopular as the yeomanry cavalry were after the massacre of Peterloo. The "Queen's Westminsters" and other metropolitan corps, have their eye upon this bill, and I shall be surprised indeed if it pass in its present form. But if it does, we shall soon see the beginning of the end of the volunteer movement.

Your readers probably did not notice a speech made by Sir George Bowyer on the great Churchward question. I did, and consider it a speech pregnant with meaning. Sir George has been a devoted supporter of the Conservative party, but in this speech he spoke with great bitterness against its conduct relative to this question, from which I augur that the Opposition given by that party to the Prisons Ministers Bill has grieved the honourable Baronet and made him show his teeth. And no wonder. I can fancy the honourable Baronet's state of mind. "Here," he would say, "we have been giving you our earnest support at Birkenhead and Cambridge, and all over Ireland we have made our power felt whilst in the House we have divided with you almost to a man, and now on the first occasion you desert us." But is it not strange that Sir George should have forgotten that for all the privileges conceded to the Roman Catholics during the last forty years they were beholden to the Liberals, and not to the Conservatives? The blindness and fatuity of the Roman Catholics, as shown in their secession from the Liberal ranks and then going over to the Conservatives, is something marvellous. It is clear, however, I think, that the illusion under which they have acted is now clearing away. The return of Mr. O'Hagan, the Irish Attorney General, for France, without opposition, is a sign of a change.

"My grandfather," says Disraeli, in the life of his father, "was an Italian descendant from one of those Hebrew families whom the Spanish Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century." I remembered this passage when I saw that certain Spanish gymnasts named Disraeli had come over to England, and I wondered whether these gymnasts were of the same family as the Conservative leader. There is only a difference of a letter in their names. But then I recollected that Disraeli tells us that it was not until his family had settled in the territories of the Venetian Republic that it assumed the name of Disraeli, and I was obliged to give up my supposition. The coincidence is, however, singular. True, the Disraelis are gymnasts; but is not Disraeli himself a sort of gymnast? The Conservative chief tells us that Disraeli is a name never before or since assumed by any other family. I take it, however, that Disraeli was originally Disraeli.

"Shall Shakespeare have a statue?" is a question that has been often asked, and, as the three hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth falls in 1864, I hear that the Urban Club, which is composed of literary and scientific men and artists, and which holds its meetings at St. John's Gate—the birthplace of periodical literature under the auspices of Dr. Johnson and Cave ("Sylvanus Urban")—is endeavouring to rouse the attention of the country to the fact that, although three hundred years have elapsed since Shakespeare was born, and soldiers, doctors, artists, and philanthropists without number have had statues raised to them, yet the greatest poet of all ages, and he who has done more than any single man to make our tongue universal, is left without a national memorial. A provisional committee of the club, with power to add to its number, is about to appeal to the leaders of opinion of all classes for aid in this important movement.

It has not yet been remarked in explanation of part of the oddness of Mr. Millais's "Madeline," that the painter had evidently got into his head too strongly the mermaid simile, which Keats introduces—

Half hidden, like a mermaid, in seaweed.

But this will be found the real key to the conception of the picture. The picture of "Alice, the Miller's Daughter," the girl looking out above a box of mignonette (I forget the number in the catalogue), is one of the strangest blunders ever made in painting. Alice wears long sleeves and a dress fitting up to her throat. But in the poem the lover looks into the trout-stream, and then says—

... a vision caught my eye;  
The reflex of a beautiful form—  
A gleaming arm, a gleaming neck,  
As when a sunbeam wavers warm,  
Within the dark and dimpled beck;  
For, you remember, you had set  
That morning, on the casket's edge,  
A long, green box of mignonette,  
And you were leaning from the ledge.

The picture, as Tennyson draws it, is very pretty. One sees the white "gleaming neck" asserting itself above the bodice, and the arms, looking firm, tense, and slightly pink; but all this the artist has not put upon the canvas.

I am not sure that anything has yet been said of a very charming bit of landscape by Mr. V. Cole, called "An Autumnal Evening," but it deserves high praise and a high price. If I could afford it, I would have before me in my bookroom that bit of hilly road, up which silly sheep are climbing easily, towards the dark clump of trees behind which the sunset has drawn a red bar of light, which, in spite of its intensity, seems almost to pall as you look at it.

Some of the rejected of the Academy have found refuge at the rooms of the Metropolitan Club, a convivial assemblage described by the American Colonel Fuller, in his book on England, as "A communion of saints without sects; of Christians without creeds; and of men without prejudice." However this may be, the club has a spacious room in Charles-street, Berkeley square, round which are hung twenty-six productions of rising artists. The light is bad for picture-viewing, but the ottomans are convenient for lounging, and the ladies, apparently, take immense delight in being able to storm these masculine *penetrals*, and gaze on the ballo' boxes and spill-cases which are shunted on one side as things full of weird and mysterious interest. Neither of the artists who have been so pitted in the papers, neither Mr. Brett nor the Australian gentleman, are represented, but there are some very charming little pictures. Two by Mr. Bunney, "Near the Harvest Time," and "Midsummer among the Ferns," are especially noiceable, though in the last the ferns are somewhat dusky. Equally good are "Albury Heath," by Mr. Moore, "Looking Down the Lideir," in which the rising of the mist is admirably rendered by Mr. Aston, and "Crossing the Heath," by Mr. Mason. These are all small pictures, and the Academy council would have a perfect justification for their rejection by stating that they could have devoted no space where the beauties of such elaboration could have been properly appreciated. This excuse would also hold good for the non-hanging of Mr. Inchbold's two pictures (the "Venice, from the Public Gardens," is a remarkable bit of perspective) and Mr. Moore's "Departing Day." I do not see why Mr. A. M. Callum's "Gorge aux Loups" and "Vanguard of the Forest," good, clever, healthy pictures, were rejected, save that he is already on the Academy walls. Nor do I understand why Miss Osborne's "Spinnetube, in Raardorf, Kurlen," was set immediately below the line in that favoured report. But I can well understand why the hangers turned out Mr. T. B. Bedford's repulsive picture of "Ishmael Mocking," why Mr. A. Hughes's "Belie Dame sans Merci" did not find a place; and why Mr. Halliday's "Allegory"—in which there are seven female figures, four of whom have distinctly the P.R.S. red head necessary, according to this school, to beauty, two have hair inclining to red, and only one hair of a decided dark tint—was sent to outer darkness. Taking all things into consideration, I do not think that this exhibition will at all influence those who visit it against the taste or judgment of the hanging committee of the Academy.

The Commission for inquiring into the state of the Royal Academy has had its attention called to the complaints of the exclusiveness of "The Forty," as testified by the present exhibition, and several artists—among them the hangers of the present year—have been under examination.

The "Alexandra Hotel" and the "Alexandra Hair-Waver" (a dozen of 'em) we have already become accustomed to; but what on earth is "The Princess's Arctic Friction-Pad," which I see advertised?

The most recent attempt in journalism has proved suddenly abortive. The *Mirror* is dead, after a brief existence of four numbers. The proprietor is said to have been Mr. Strahan, owner of *Good Words*, &c. He must have been very timid, or very much disappointed; as such a small experiment at such a large expense, on the part of a man of capital, has never before been known.

The Guild of Literature and Art (some time humorously known as "The Sleeping Beauty") is up and doing. Three houses are at once to be built, at a cost of £1500, on land at Knebworth generously presented by Sir Bulwer Lytton.

Mr. Swanborough, lessee and manager of the Strand Theatre, has committed suicide during a fit of temporary insanity. Under his daughter's management the theatre was raised from the depth of degradation to the height of prosperity, but the loss of Mr. Rogers and Miss Marie Wilton has recently had a depressing effect on its fortunes.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE CITY.—The freedom of the city of London is to be presented to the Prince of Wales in a gold casket of great value. It is 7½ in. long, 6 in. wide, and 8½ in. high, and richly decorated with enamel and cinque-cento ornaments. The front is composed of a ground of blue enamel, in the centre of which are raised shields surrounded by wreaths, bearing in enamel of the proper colours the arms of England and Denmark. These are supported on one side by the arms of the City, and on the other by those of the Lord Mayor, chased in pure gold. Above these is a model of the Prince's crown of State. The reverse side is occupied by the initials of the Prince and Princess in fine gold, on a ground of blue enamel, and a plate bearing the following inscription:—"Rose, Mayor. Presented by the Corporation of London, with the freedom of the City, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on Monday, 8th June, 1863." At each corner are two pillars, divided by a trident, wreathed with ivy-leaves chased in green enamel. On each pillar is placed an enamelled mask, representing a water deity crowned with bulrushes. The top of the casket, which is opened by means of a secret spring, is ornamented with pierced work and wreaths of flowers chased in gold of various colours. Surrounding the whole is a figure of Britannia, represented as seated and armed with her trident, supported by the lion and unicorn. At each corner of the top is a forget-me-not in blue enamel. The casket rests upon four seahorses chased in pure gold, and the whole is mounted on a highly-polished slab of Californian onyx or marble. The weight, exclusive of the marble stand, is about 50oz. The whole work has a beautiful appearance, the rich tints of the shields and enamelled ornaments being made to harmonise admirably with the tinted gold of the wreaths and minor decorations.

THE WHITSUNIDE HOLIDAYS.—There was a pretty general exodus from London on Monday. Holiday-makers flocked out in all kinds of conveyances to seek fresh air and a day's recreation. The Crystal Palace had its thousands. Greenwich Park was thronged. On Hampstead Heath the donkey boys did a thriving business. The river steam-boats were heavily laden. Southend had a volunteer review and sham fight. In other directions the volunteers were engaged in field evolutions. And in the evening the theatres and places of amusement were extensively patronised. The weather was fine, though there was not much of bright sunshine. Unfortunately, the day did not pass over without accidents, some of which proved fatal.

THE LATE GALE.—Lyme Regis, May 20.—The life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution at Lyme Regis was instrumental yesterday, during a very heavy gale of wind, in bringing the schooner *Vulcan*, of Lyme, into a place of safety. The schooner was in distress last winter on the Norfolk coast, and then had a narrow escape of being wrecked. The *Lyme Regis* life-boat has once or twice been the means of saving shipwrecked crews under the most difficult circumstances.—Blakeney, Norfolk, May 20.—The Blakeney life-boat of the institution put off yesterday to the brig *Falith*, of Colchester, which had stranded on Blakeney Bar in a gale of wind and a very high sea. Just as the life-boat was within reach of the vessel, and was on the point of being hooked to her, the whole of the lee-side oars were broken, rendering her on the fearful surf unmanageable and causing her to upset, but the instantly a J-righted. Her crew, having, as usual, their cork jackets on, were saved. The shipwrecked crew were taken off at low water by a yawl, which had also seven oars broken, although the surf had considerably abated by that time. During the past year the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution were manned by about 6000 people, and only one life was lost amongst that large number. The cost of the Blakeney life-boat was presented to the institution by Miss Brightwell, of Norwich.

THE HEALTH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—"We receive news from Berlin," says the *Paris Temps*, "which may change the situation of Prussia and rescue the country at a stroke from the state of isolation and degradation in which it has been placed by the home and the foreign policy of M. von Bismarck. A letter from Berlin, dated the 22nd, tells us that everyone is astonished at seeing that the Prussian *Moniteur*, which has for so long a time been mute, has suddenly commenced giving news of the King's health. Evidently the health of his Majesty is much compromised. We hear no more of military parades or of those reports on the army which interest the King to so singular an extent, but merely of audiences to M. von Bismarck and the Princes of the Royal house. Everything indicates that his Majesty's physical state suffers much from the troubles in Prussia during the last six months. We are assured that the King himself asks more seriously than ever if the moment has not come for him to lay down his crown. This extreme sacrifice would be a solution which would at the same time save the dignity of the Crown and the honour of the country. In the event of abdication the Royal Prince would take the reins of Government; and the Royal Prince, so far as we can learn, is, by his tendencies and his family ties, essentially liberal."

## THE FLORIDA ON A CRUISE.

THE doings of the two Confederate cruisers, the *Alabama*, Captain Semmes, and the *Florida* (formerly the *Oreto*), Captain Maffit, having given these two craft a world-wide celebrity, and evoked not a little discussion, both in America and in Europe, the accompanying Engraving, depicting some of the proceedings of the last-named vessel, and which have been made from sketches furnished to us by Captain Warr, of the British schooner *Laura Ann*, which recently arrived at the Royal Naval Yard, Ireland Island, with Government stores, will therefore be exceedingly interesting. "On the 13th of March, about nine a.m.," writes Captain Warr, "the wind blowing from the E.S.E., and the *Laura Ann* bowling along at the rate of nine knots and a half per hour, the lookout reported a strange sail on the port beam. On looking in the direction indicated there could be discerned a rakish-looking craft, sailing about with two topsails. What could she be? was the question each one asked his neighbour; and, though I had my suspicions that she was the vessel she at length proved to be, still I ventured no remark. She soon began to spread more sail, and quickly was under a crowd of canvas—so quickly, indeed, that one might fancy it was the 'Flying Dutchman' or some such craft revived, or it might be the 'Phantom Ship' of Captain Marryat. On she came, as some old salt would tell you, as did the pirates of yore. We began to think that our next meal would be with those who seemed so anxious to catch us; but I did not alter my course. At last, however, I could discern the stars and stripes flying at her mainpeak, and concluded that there were at least some Christians on board her. I ran up the flag of liberty, and at the same time demanded by signal to know what she wanted. The answer came, 'I wish to communicate,' and at the same time she fired an Armstrong or some similar gun. So, finding, from her speed, that it was of no use trying to escape any longer—having now been chased for four hours—I gave up. Up came the stranger, in what I should call fine 'mau-of-war' style, with the Confederate flag flying. It was not long before I was boarded by a fine, active, intelligent-looking officer, dressed in uniform. He was kind and courteous, and, on my asking him the name of the ship, he informed me that it was the Confederate steam-ship *Florida*, Captain Maffit, on a cruise. He reported their having sunk a few days before, the Federal barque *Star of Peace*, of Boston, from Calcutta, bound to New York, with salted meat and other valuable merchandise on board.

"The crew of the *Star of Peace*, numbering twenty-seven persons, were still on board the *Florida*, and Captain Maffit offered to make me a very handsome present if I would take the prisoners on board my vessel and land them in Bermuda; but I declined doing so. Suddenly the steamer lowered the Confederate flag and hoisted a British ensign, and one of my men came and informed me that there was another vessel in sight, which proved to be the American fore-and-aft schooner *Aldabaron*, of Brook Haven, which fell an easy prize to the *Florida*. What became of her I do not know, but I presume she also was sent to the bottom. I ran up alongside the *Florida* and asked Captain Maffit to give me the *Aldabaron*, when he again asked me if I would take his prisoners, and in such a manner as satisfied me he would give me the schooner if I complied with his wishes, but I could not do so under the circumstances. The prisoners now amounted to forty-two captains, five mates, and thirty-three seamen. About this time a full-rigged ship appeared to windward, which I think was an American, as I passed one on the previous day, answering her description. If my suspicions proved correct, doubtless she also was soon a prize and on her way to the bottom of the broad Atlantic, with the *Aldabaron* and the *Star of Peace*. The *Florida* had a crew of 250 men, and it seemed that some of the *Star of Peace*'s crew wished to join her. She looked very neat and clean, and in every way bore the appearance of a first-rate ship-of-war. The crew paid the greatest respect to her officers. The *Aldabaron* was a very pretty vessel, and full 200 tons burden."

Captain Warr also states that the officers of the *Florida* told him that they were chased by Admiral Wilkes's flagship, the *Vanderbilt*, after leaving Barbadoes, but that, night coming on, they doubled on her, having first extinguished all their lights as a steamer and put up those of a sailing-vessel, and under a press of sail was soon alongside of the *Vanderbilt*, while hailed to know if they had passed a steamer. They replied, yes, and that she was going at great speed. The *Vanderbilt*, without the least suspicion, kept on her course, and no doubt, by the dawn of the following day, discovered that the Confederate was "nowhere in sight."

The *Florida* has been several times chased by United States' ships-of-war, and it is remarkable that she has on each occasion, in escaping, captured and destroyed valuable ships belonging to Northern merchants. In leaving Mobile she was chased for nine hours by some of the blockading squadron, but finally ran out of view and on her way destroyed a new Union brig on her first voyage. She was chased for nearly three days through the intricate Bahama passages by the *Somona*, and two days after she captured the East Indiaman, *Jacob Bell*; and, in the instance mentioned by Capt. Warr, the *Vanderbilt* placed her in a position to capture the *Star of Peace*, and one at least, if not two, other Union vessels. The *Jacob Bell*'s cargo was valued at 1,500,000 dol. She had on board, it seems by the New York papers in addition to a full cargo of tea, a great deal of cassia, camphor, cassia oil, &c.

The *Florida* and *Alabama* are still at large on the ocean and working havoc amongst the merchant-ships of the Federals, notwithstanding every effort of the Union navy to capture them.

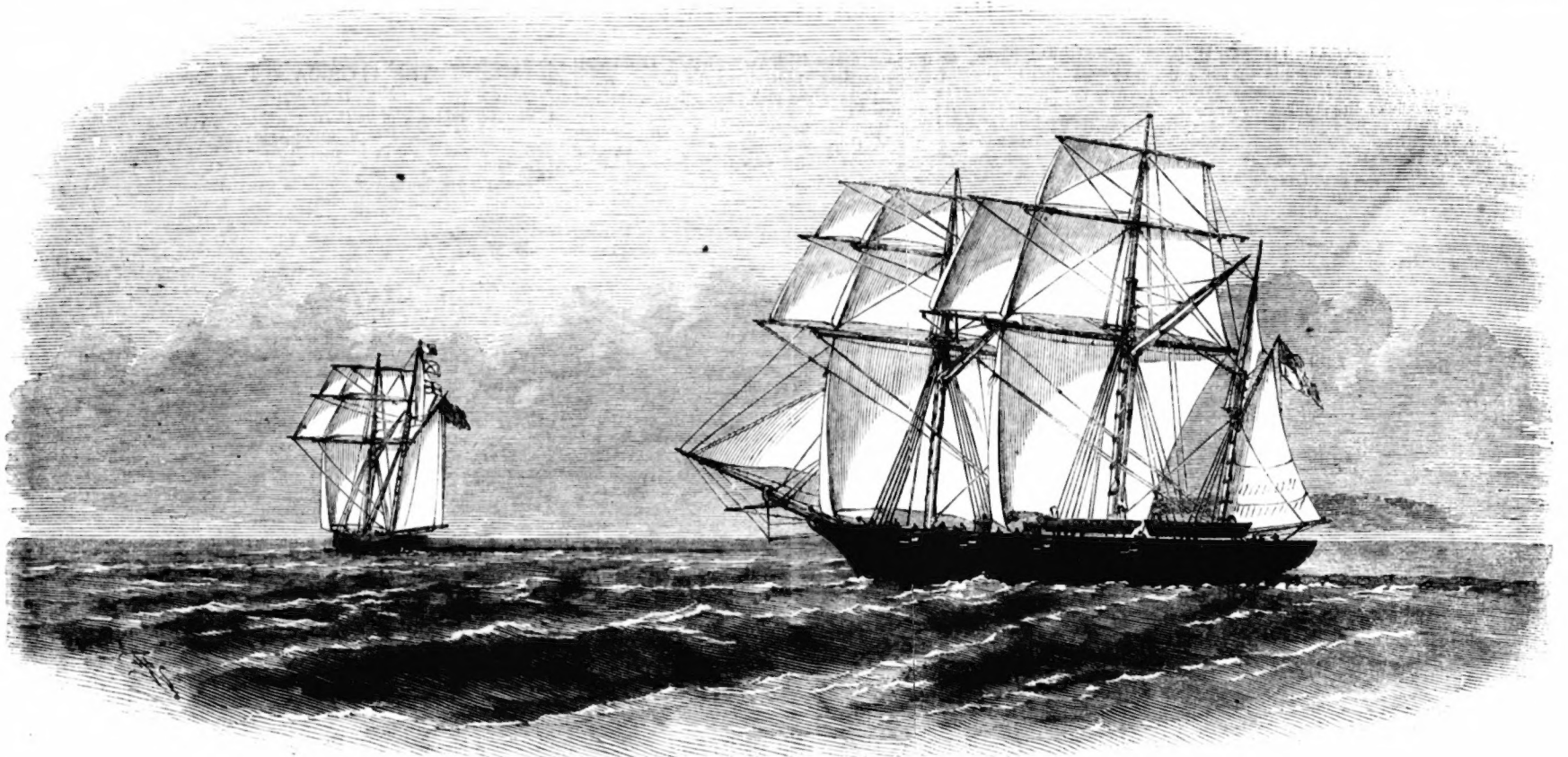
THE INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.—The Agricultural Hall, at Islington, has this week been the scene of one of the most remarkable exhibitions which have ever taken place, either in this or any other country. This was the great International Dog Show, at which upwards of 2000 specimens of the various types of the canine race were to be seen, gathered from nearly every country on the globe. This show far exceeded in excellence any of those which have preceded it, and excited a degree of interest commensurate with its novelty and importance. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present on Monday morning before the public opening, and carefully inspected the most striking animals of the various classes. The sporting dogs especially derived and received the attention of the numerous visitors; while the class of fancy dogs included many very remarkable specimens. We believe the show, on a like scale, is to be repeated annually.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The first "great exhibition" of flowers for the present season under the auspices of this society took place on Thursday in the International Building at South Kensington. As a matter of course, the society's grounds were thrown open for the occasion, and the communication between the gardens and the building was preserved in such a manner as to enhance in a considerable degree the attractions of the promenade. One perceptible advantage in this exhibition over many others which have preceded it here and elsewhere was to be found in the fact that the accommodation afforded to the visitors gave ample space and verge enough for rapidly increasing numbers, without the least danger of exposing them to the chance of being overcrowded. The "show," whether as regarded the exquisite collection of flowers, the elegance of the costumes of the visitors, or the genial temperature of the weather, was one of the most successful which has ever been witnessed in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, and the patrons of that institution may fairly be congratulated upon being associated in so inspiring and agreeable a gathering. Rather than make particular allusion to any one of the exhibitors, it is better that the winners of these floral displays should form their conclusions from the award of the judges, premising, however, that the medals and pearly ornaments never before shown in richer or more bountiful luxuriance, and that among the most prominent prize-holders were Mr. C. Turner, of Slough, and Messrs. J. and T. Frazer, of Lea-bridge-road.

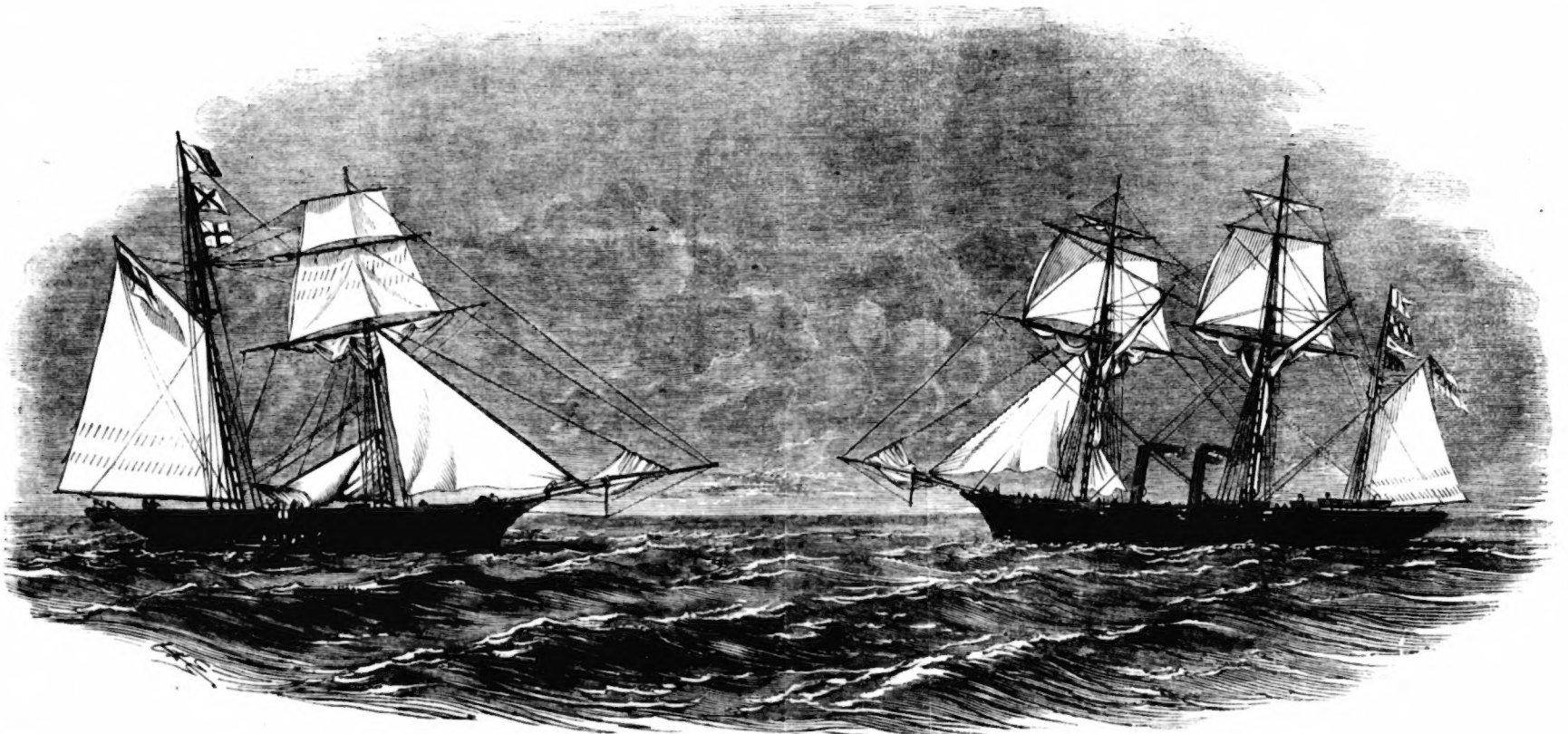
REPRESENTATION OF THE CITY.—The question as to who shall be the Liberal candidate for the representation of the City has now been settled. A meeting of the Liberal Registration Committee was held on Tuesday. Two names were brought forward—namely, those of Mr. G. J. Goschen and Mr. T. Mackay. Mr. Goschen had a large majority of votes, and Mr. Mackay at once acquiesced in the decision, and requested his name to be put on Mr. Goschen's committee. It was then resolved to recommend Mr. Goschen to the suffrage of the City electors; and, accordingly, that gentleman has issued an address and commenced his canvass.

DOUBLE MURDER IN THE BOROUGH.—A horrible murder was committed on Monday morning in the Borough-road, Southwark. An elderly man, named Leadbetter, cut his wife's throat while she was in bed, causing almost instant death. Subsequently he attacked his crippled son, and cut his throat so severely that he died on Tuesday in the hospital, to which he had been removed. Leadbetter afterwards made an attempt to commit suicide, but did not succeed, and then went across the way to a druggist's shop and told what he had done. He was immediately given into the custody of the police, and has been committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

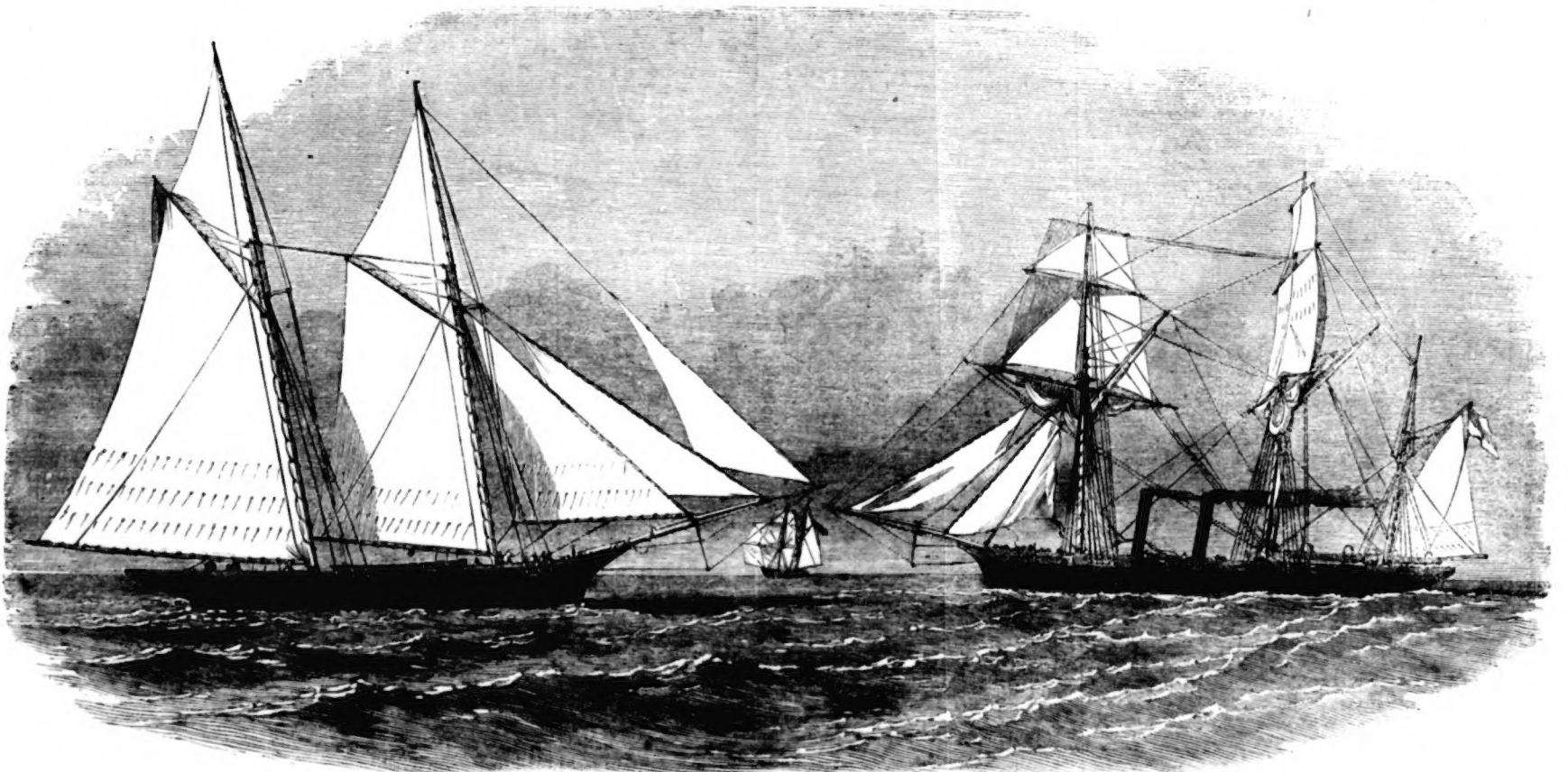




THE CONFEDERATE STEAM-SHIP FLORIDA CHASING THE BRITISH SCHOONER LAURA ANN.

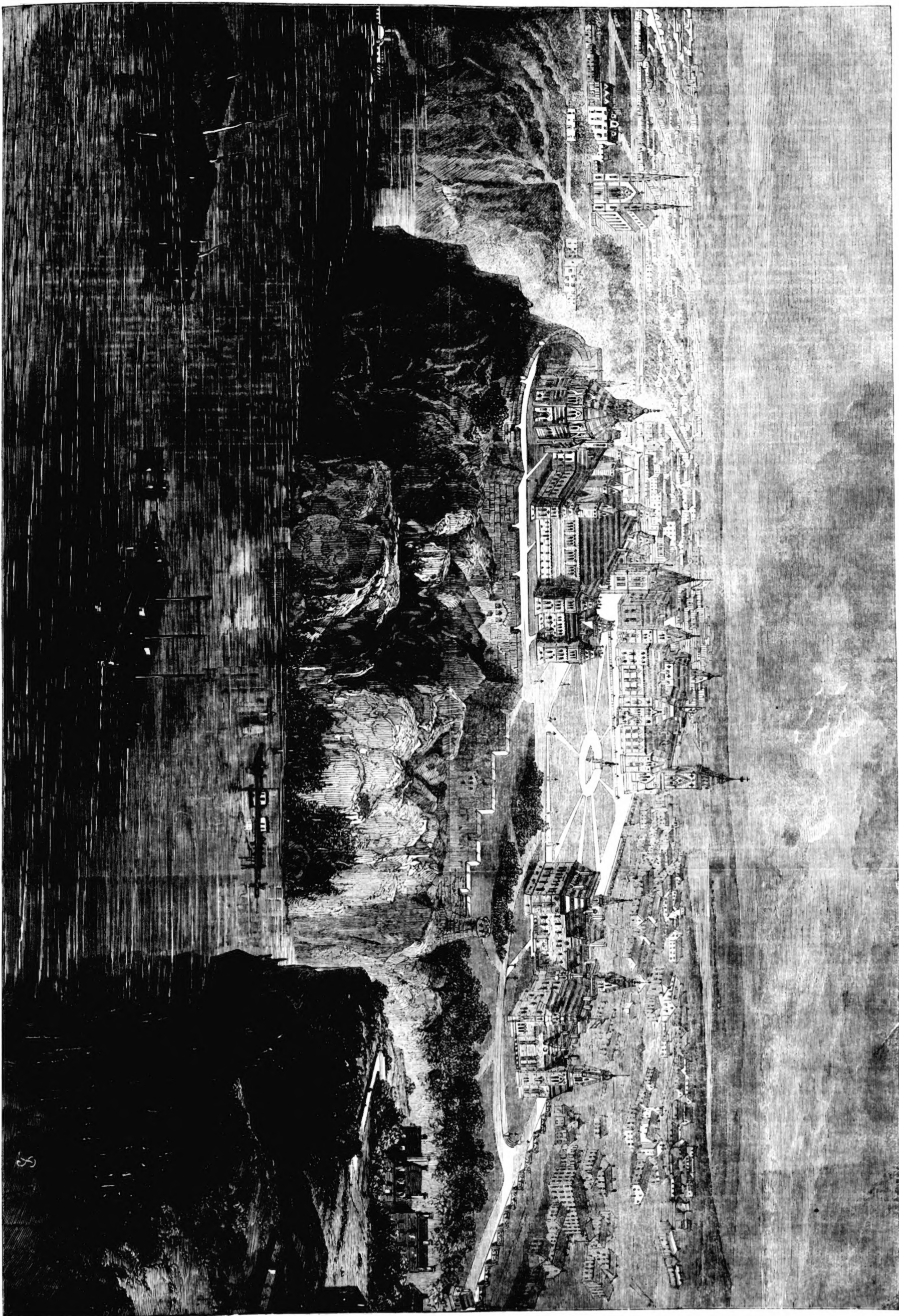


A BOAT'S CREW FROM THE FLORIDA BOARDING THE LAURA ANN.



CAPTURE OF THE FEDERAL SCHOONER ALDABARON BY THE FLORIDA.—(FROM SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN E. J. WARR)





GENERAL VIEW OF OTTAWA, CANADA WEST, SHOWING THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.



## OTTAWA (CANADA), WITH ITS PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

THE View exhibited in the accompanying Engraving will convey some idea of the magnitude and importance of the Parliament buildings now in process of construction in the new capital of the Canadas—the selection of which, it will be remembered, was made by the Queen on the question being jointly referred to her Majesty by the colonial Legislatures. The foundation-stone was laid with great ceremony by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to the British North American provinces in the year 1860; and the works, although stopped in the winter of 1861, have progressed considerably since their commencement, the masonry of the Government offices, or the eastern and western blocks of buildings, being now completed, except the towers. That so much has been done in so short a time is entirely due to the energy and enterprise displayed by the architects in charge of the works, and by the contractors in carrying out their instructions. The Parliament house, or central building, with the legislative hall, are not in so forward a state; but it is stated that the edifices will shortly be ready for the occupation of the Canadian Government, when the perambulating system hitherto adopted, which involved heavy expenditure, and has been a subject of debate and contest between Upper and Lower Canada since the union, will be put an end to. The question of a capital for the united provinces gave rise to much difference of opinion, but there is no longer any doubt that the decision of her Majesty will be carried out in good faith, all opposition having now effectually died out on this long vexed question between the colonists. The advantage of Ottawa as a military position, with other attendant considerations, such as its close proximity to the boundary-line (the river of the same name) between the two united provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, and of the political importance of the seat of Government being central in a country so widely extended east and west, shows the wisdom of the Imperial Government in recommending this city to her Majesty for selection. The grounds will be tastefully laid out in raised terraces and walks, terminated with drinking-fountains, and forming a quadrangle, in the centre of which it is proposed to place a statue of her Majesty. The whole will be inclosed with dwarf boundary-walls and ornamental wrought-iron railing. The heating of the buildings will be effected by means of steam-pipe coils throughout, the system being that generally known as the vault system. These vaults, with the cold-air ducts and the various ramifications for ventilation communicating with the external atmosphere, terminating in the retaining walls, as seen in the view facing the river, have been constructed at great cost to meet the necessities of the climate.

The works are being carried out by Mr. McGrady, and Messrs. Jones, Haycock, and Co., contractors, under the directions of the architects, Messrs. Scent and Laver, and Messrs. Fuller and Jones. A sum of nearly £500,000 has already been expended on the buildings, and it is estimated that about £500,000 more will be required to complete the works in keeping with the style and magnificence of their commencement.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, in his travels in America, thus describes Ottawa and its Parliament buildings:—

"But the glory of Ottawa will be—and, indeed, already is—the set of public buildings which is now being erected on the rock which guards, as it were, the town from the river. How much of the excellence of these buildings may be due to the taste of Sir Edmund Head, the late Governor, I do not know. That he has greatly interested himself in the subject is well known. How far the buildings may be well arranged for the required purposes, how far they may be economical in construction or especially adapted to the severe climate of the country, I cannot say; but I have no hesitation in giving my reputation for judgment in giving my warmest commendation to them as regards beauty of outline and truthful nobility of detail. I know no Gothic building purer of its kind or less sullied with fictitious ornamentation. Our own Houses of Parliament are very fine; but it is, I believe, generally felt that the ornamentation is too minute. And, moreover, it may be questioned whether perpendicular Gothic is capable of the highest nobility which architecture can achieve. I do not pretend to say that these Canadian public buildings will reach that highest nobility. They must be finished before any final judgment can be pronounced; but I do feel very certain that that final judgment will be greatly in their favour. The view from the back of the library up to the Chaudière Falls, and to the sawmills by which they are surrounded, is very lovely; so that I will say again that I know no site for such a set of buildings so happy as regards beauty and grandeur. It is intended that the library, of which the walls were only ten feet above the ground when I was there, shall be an octagonal building, in shape and outward character like the chapterhouse of a cathedral. This structure will, I presume, be surrounded by gravel walks and green sward. To me it was very wonderful to find such an edifice in the course of erection on the banks of a wild river, almost at the back of Canada; but if ever I visit Canada again it will be to see those buildings when completed."

THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.—The annual meeting of the friends of this institution was held on Wednesday on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Webster occupied the chair. The report of the committee of management stated that, in addition to the house of the pensioners, a suitable central hall had been erected in which will be placed the pictures, prints, drawings, and other works of art given for its decoration and the gratification of the pensioners. The outlay upon the buildings had so far exhausted the funds as to justify the council in seeking further aid, and the period at which another appeal should be made to the public had several times been a subject of discussion. Since the last meeting Mr. Buckstone, of the Haymarket, and Mr. S. Johnson, of St. Martin's-lane, had each contributed the sum of £250 for the building of a house. The total income during the past year amounted to £6013 18s. 1d., including a balance of £90 at the commencement, and the sum of £1278 12s. 5d. received on account of the last Crystal Palace fête. After providing for the necessary expenditure there remained a balance of £315 9s. 11d. in hand. The annual ball had been continued, and was a source of great profit. The chairman then said his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had consented to become a patron of the college in the place of his lamented father. In moving the adoption of the report, he could only say that he hoped that the subscribers would go down to Maybury and see how ably their intentions had been carried out.

NATIVE ENTERPRISE IN INDIA.—The natives of India at last appear to be learning the secret of combined action. A bridge is about to be thrown across the Ganges at Cawnpore, the funds for which are exclusively furnished by native landowners and capitalists, who have made choice of Mr. Wilson, C.E., to carry out the design. In Calcutta a joint stock company is being started by a native, to supply the town with omnibuses to run from Bazaar to Kallyghat and Alipore. It is proposed to begin with thirty-six of these conveyances, to start at intervals of ten minutes, and constructed to carry fourteen passengers, at the rate of three pence per mile. That something of the kind is much wanted is obvious enough; but the difficulty will be in inducing men of different castes to sit so closely together, though the railways have done much to efface that prejudice. In India, as elsewhere, there is no teaching so potent as that of self-interest.

FLOWER SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first flower show of the season was held at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and was considered by the judges to be the best and most extensive that has ever been held there. The exhibition was ranged down the whole length of the nave, and, intermixed with groups of statuary, had a pleasing effect to the eye. The azaleas constituted the principal feature of the show; but the pelargoniums, calceolarias, roses, &c., were also in great abundance and rich beauty. The plants were large and luxurious. The company assembled was more than usually numerous, and the brilliant dresses of the ladies, gleaming among the flowers, added much to the magnificence of the display. It was anticipated that the Prince and Princess of Wales would visit the Palace; but his Royal Highness sent to express his regret that the departure of his relatives for the Continent compelled him to postpone his visit to another, which he would take care should be an early occasion.

ALL FOR LOVE.—Henry Blanchard was a coloured man of the highest class. He was an extensive hairdresser and barber at 5, Catherine-street, in the Seventh Ward, New York. Two years ago he formed an attachment to the lovely although copper-coloured, Miss Cordelia Scottron, the daughter of an eminent professor of dancing in Williamsburg. She hesitated, or had doubts about his strength of character, that were justified in his exhibition of weakness by suicide. She called at his place of business, and in reply to a remark of the darkey that he would die for her, replied "Just you let me see you do it." He took a pistol off his money-drawer, fired it into his side, and was a "dead nigger" in five minutes. The coroner rendered the usual truthful but unpoetic verdict on such melancholy occasions, "Death by suicide." This will be a great feather in the cap of Miss Cordelia. It equals anything in that line ever done by "white folks."

## Literature.

### NEW POEMS.

Philip of Königsmarkt, and Poems. By MARESCO PEARCE, B.A. B. M. Pickering.

Illustrations of the Beauties of Tropical Scenery. By the Author of "The Nuptials of Barcelona." Hardwicke.

A person blessed with the perseverance of the Prince in the fairy tale, and also the lantern of Diogenes, might possibly discover some day the man who has not been photographed. The feat would be fame; but only second to it in difficulty would be to discover the man of any cultivation who has not sought to benefit mankind through the medium of immortal verse. Society, as a rule, is always railing at this, and most unnecessarily. The practice is undeniably good for trade—what is not?—although it may not materially exercise those offices which pass between shopman and customer. But in its way it may be a blessing to Wrigley and a good thing for Spottiswoode; whilst Pickering and Hardwicke must have studied publishing in some quaint school indeed if they cannot afford to rub their hands when making up the Midsummer and Christmas accounts. On the other hand, the author has his friends, who are all bound to purchase, borrow, beg, or steal, and the results of the mercantile transaction, of the friendly action, of the avowed mendacity, or the concealed purloining—that is to say, the reading of the book—is not so desperate a game as to make insurance offices increase per centage, and, in all probability, it will give the poet an excellent opportunity of discovering the false friends from the true, and of wedding accordingly. For other matters, the professional critic, born to complain, may yet take the matter philosophically, saying, "Never mind, there may be a novel next week;" and, as for the general public, why, even under the advanced terrorism of a limited monarchy, there is no making a man read a quantity of verses unless he please. We believe that to be a fair statement of society's case with the "minor minstrels." Even supposing it to be a bad case—supposing a verdict for society, damages one shilling, carrying costs, with a deodand of one farthing upon both printer and publisher—even supposing that, it is yet impossible not to adopt the humanitarian view. Those sonnets have gladdened a bedridden mother's heart. Here is a handful of "versicles" which have brought tears of proud joy from your own darling's eyes—to say nothing of something still sweeter from her lips. "Ariadne in Naxos, with Minor Poems, by Arthur Pendennis, Esq.," must have delighted the old Major, much as it excited the ridicule of pipe-loving Mr. Warrington. And, after all, the gratification of one's own personal vanity weighs much against the world's derision. That little lump of idealism, psychology, almost vivid vitality, very cheap 8vo indeed, and green as May's meadow or young affection itself—the little thing is one of the events of life. Sroke in an eight, the first baby, moustaches at fifteen, uncle dead at last, cannon off the red and pocket all three balls, the first sight of Mauritius and the last of Scotland—none, none of these can equal in intensity the joy of a first green foolscap love. The subject is sufficiently enticing for a rhapsody, but perhaps it will be as well to "draw down into the common day," and look into Mr. Maresco Pearce and the joys of tropical scenery.

The tragedy, "Philip of Königsmarkt," turns upon some early incidents connected with George I. when Crown Prince of Hanover—that is to say, Philip adores the newly-married Sophia Dorothea, who practically returns his love and abuses her husband. These incidents of everyday high life lead to the murder of Philip at the instigation of a great Court lady, whose professed affection he has disdained, to the banishment of Sophia Dorothea, and to some remarkably callous observations from the Crown Prince. Of the tragedy, it is enough to say that Mr. Pearce develops the story well; that there is want of poetry in the dialogue, although it is always careful versification; and that the humorous passages between the Captain and Mary are doubtless as humorous as any with which "engaged" young people ever beguile the time. Of the more extended flights, "The Peritan's Daughter" well reflects the grimness of the period, but too often the good points are marred by the dreary length of the whole. The minor poems are sometimes afflicted with a vagueness which is not worth study, and is but a glimmering effect when read only once. From "Convent Thoughts," one of the best in the volume, we take two verses. Mr. Browning's "Spanish Cloister" is cast in a somewhat different mould:—

Surely my heart speaks truly  
When it tells me of unknown joys and sweets,  
And of vague delights, till it beats, it beats,  
With vagrant thoughts untruly  
That I try to stifle in vain, in vain!  
The petals cannot be closed again,  
When the flower is opened newly.  
  
I cannot but love, not I,  
Even as the lark must soar in heaven,  
And the nightingale sing in the woods at even;  
And the great sun shine in the sky;  
As the eye must see and the tongue must speak,  
My heart must love, or it will break,  
Must love, or I shall die.

The author of "Tropical Scenery" says, in his preface, "Humboldt, in passing through the Canaries, expressed a hope that 'they will, like every other climate of the globe, inspire the muse of some native poet;' and let us extend this philosophical and intellectual aspiration to the Antilles." Very good. We will presume that the author is a creole, and admit that he has carried out Humboldt's wish, and done his work with excellent poetical feeling, full of grace and calm thoughtful life. But we must protest against natives all over the world doing as much for their native climes. Report speaks highly of the North American Indians as possessing many of the essentials of poetry; and yet it may fairly be doubted whether a volume of Choctaw verse would be found in "every young lady's hand." The Dyaks of Borneo would certainly illustrate their works with cuts of heads. No matter, with performances of theirs, who would not say the shorter the better? But, pending these possibilities, natives of the West Indian Islands, and those who have visited their shores, will welcome this volume with delight. To compare it to Moore's Bermuda stanzas will give a fair and just idea of its style of composition. In no way is it confined to description of scenery, but includes chapters here and there sacred to love and beauty, with local ballads, associations, &c. From one of the least ambitious of the sketches, and therefore by no means the worst, we copy a page—one the best suited to our purpose, and well illustrative of the author's light, easy versification:—

'Twas sweet to see the bland night air  
Life Amy's locks of amber hair;  
Whence, from amid one richest group,  
The shellflower hung with graceful droop;  
And seemed like tinklers of the main  
Strung in minute and clustered chain.  
But that their pink and polished hue  
Possessed the charm of fragrance too.  
Upon her smooth cheek coyly blows  
England's subdued and softened rose,  
Subdued—for twice the golden sun  
His bright ecliptic course had run.  
Since Amy left the land assigned  
To rear and form her tender mind;  
And the peach-blossom's fainter grace  
Had now usurped the rose's place.  
But on her glowing lips is spread  
Nature's fresh, undiluted red,  
As tho' the clime on them bestows  
The blush of her cheeks' ruffled rose.  
The slight mimosa's grace is seen  
In her light symmetry of mien;  
And, delicate as foam that creeps  
Around her shores in milky streams,  
In her sea-tinctured home she smiles,  
The young Calypso of the Isles.

The kindly reader will understand that there is no tremendous poetic effort or accomplishment in either of these volumes; but they make very pleasurable reading, and—subject to all the considerations

mentioned above—are just the thing which do good to people to write, provided they will not be sufficiently ridiculous to break their hearts over them.

On our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature. Being Six Lectures to Working Men, delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology. By Professor HUXLEY, F.R.S. Hardwicke.

With a modesty not often found in Professors, Professor Huxley's plan in these Six Lectures is simply to "explain the position" of that much praised and abused book, Mr. Darwin "On the Origin of Species." It was scarcely to be expected that every interpreter should resemble the celebrated specimen in Sheridan, who was "the harder to be understood of the two;" and therefore it is not surprising that the Professor should have explained the position of his friend's book with the clearness of a clever man who never suffers himself to be run away with by the enthusiasm of a disciple. By way of giving the non-reader of Darwin some brief account of the "Species" book, it will be best to commence with Professor Huxley's concise summing-up of the Darwin hypothesis.

What is Mr. Darwin's hypothesis? As I apprehend it—for I have put it into a shape more convenient for common purposes than I could find verbatim in his book—as I apprehend it, I say, it is that all the phenomena of organic nature, past and present, result from, or are caused by, the interaction of those properties of organic matter which we have called *Atavism* and *Variability*, with the Conditions of Existence—or, in other words, given the existence of organic matter, its tendency to transmit its properties, and its tendency occasionally to vary; and, lastly, given the conditions of existence by which organic matter is surrounded—that these, put together, are the causes of the Present and of the Past conditions of Organic Nature.

That is undeniably a fair summing-up. But—how unpleasant to have to come to *but* with men of science—but something is omitted. That is to say, something would have been omitted if the something had ever been in the book. The something, if we must harrow the reader's mind by describing that which is already proved not to exist, is a vague, shadowy, non-existent certainty that SCIENCE and BELIEF cannot go hand in hand; that Mr. Darwin has given up all faith in many very beautiful stories which have, until lately, been generally believed with a generous abnegation of all necessity of proof. Such an awkward accusation against Mr. Darwin might be found easy or difficult to make in exact accordance with the wishes of the readers of his pages. That there is at least latent possibility of framing a successful indictment is evident from Professor Huxley himself. At p. 53 he happens to give a strong hint that something more may be gathered from Mr. Darwin's book than is actually laid down in his own summing-up, given above. In fact, "the greatest is behind."

This reads very like scepticism—i. e., science—which people always will misunderstand, and is the more to be feared just now, as arithmetic is soon made to play an important part in the settlement of the great question. But, to take the book from the beginning, the first great argument is concerning "mud," the actual commencement of those deposits on which geologists rely for evidence of age and progression, and in which it may confidently be expected that they will never "stick," in any but a scientific sense. The lecture on this subject is peculiarly well written, and gives a fairer and clearer account than could have been hoped for from so small a space. Without attempting to repeat what stands printed as to members of existing families, groups, or species, and those extinct, it will be sufficient to suggest the magnitude of the number of the latter by mentioning the fact that many of them are only known to modern fashionable society by the print of their foot-steps in various masses of the world's sandstone. "No bones" about them, but mere footprints. As an illustration of the curious passages in geological researches is the fact that, at Stonesfield, near Oxford, there have been discovered seven specimens of the lower jawbones of some animal who has quitted the world in disgust,—and a river—some ages since, and left only the jawbones of himself and family to tell the tale. But he could not have been made all of jawbone. The chances were four to none that he had legs; and, unless he talked himself to death, and neglected to "hold his jaw," there is no way of accounting for the falling off in his conversation. The whole affair was very perplexing until Dr. Buckland took to studying dead dogs in the Thames, and soon hit on the point that the lower jaw, not being confined to the head by very strong ligaments, would be subject to much wear and tear, would soon fall off, whilst the body would go gaily down the stream, and finally lodge many miles out at sea.

Clear and interesting pages will be found descriptive of organic matter and inorganic matter; how one becomes the other, and the other returns a similar compliment in turn. But the chief point of the lectures, as of Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species," is declared to be "Atavism and Variability with the Conditions of Existence." Many readers will find it much pleasanter to consider those big words as meaning that a scarcely appreciable accidental difference of organization has the effect of checking the results of great fecundity, by invariably allowing the weaker to be pushed to the wall—that is, to be killed; and thus leaving sufficient fat of the land for the survivors. It is necessary to refer to some figures of Professor Huxley, whose calculation Colenso alone could verify. Without a state of things similar to that described above, in nine years' time the earth might be more than eaten up by a single plant. Thus, a plant will average fifty seeds in a year, and each plant requires a square foot of earth:—

1 plant x 50 in 1st year = 50  
50 " x 50 in 2nd year = 2500

and so on, until multiplications in the ninth year bring the number to 1,953,125,000,000,000, being exactly 531,326,600,000,000 square feet less than there are on the entire surface of all the lands of the earth. It will be observed that the calculation is of a plant only. When it is remembered that there is also upon the earth a liberal supply of human beings, it is evident that we must get hold of a few more Malthuses or a handful or two of Napoleons and Alexanders. Strange to say, in the very face of this over-population, Professor Huxley sees the future possibility of taking some "inorganic matters, such as carbonic acid, ammonia, water, and salines in any sort of inorganic combination, and building them up into protein matter, which ought to begin to live in an organic form." (See p. 70.) This is nothing short of inventing a bridge which some day shall develop into a man, as if there were the faintest reason for altering existing arrangements. In fact, the development theory is run mad. There has been too big like it since the famous quiz on the "Vestiges," in Disraeli's "Tancred":—

"You know," said Lady Constance, "all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing; then there was something; then—I forget the next—I think there were shells, then fishes, then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it; we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows."

"I do not believe I ever was a fish," said Tancred.  
"Oh! but it is all proved. You must not argue on my rapid sketch; you must read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made: how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us; we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is development. We had fins—we may have wings."

"I was a fish, and I shall be a crow," said Tancred to himself, when the hall door closed. "I must get out of this city as quickly as possible."

But, to deal more seriously with Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley, these lectures are calculated to do good service, and not to turn all good people into Zulus. They were well worth a compliment which they did not receive, and which authors generally pay as a labour of love—Revision. Professor Huxley actually suffered them to be transferred blindly from the reporter's note book to the public press. However, the good condition in which they appear deserves great commendation for both reporter and publisher.

A COMPANY for the manufacture of typesetting machines has chartered by the Massachusetts Legislature.



Wayfe Summers—the Story of an Inner and Outer Life. By THOMAS ARCHER. 2 Vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Our readers will, we hope, remember the warm welcome we gave, some little time ago, to the "David Elginbrod" of Mr. George MacDonald. We have to give a similar welcome, and for similar reasons, to the "Wayfe Summers" of Mr. Thomas Archer. Mr. Archer sketches life with a broader pencil than Mr. MacDonald, and touches with a more tolerant humour what is mean and unkind in character and conduct. He draws a likeness of a vulgar, spiteful woman—the Mrs. Bradley of the story—with a leniency and freedom from invective which are quite as wonderful as the success of the portrait, and that is something very striking. Few men of ability could write about wickedness and wicked people with so little venom as Mr. Archer and yet hold their own as lovers of goodness. For Mr. Archer, in this imaginary autobiography, never changes camp for a moment, and never ranges down into moral judgements, though he is as true in his communications with all sides as if he had habitually leaned on Shakespeare's shoulder at table and caught his way of looking at things. It is true the villain of the story comes to a bad end, in a highly-wrought dramatic episode; but it is very difficult to know what to do with villains when once you have set them up. It is, at all events, more natural to let them than to convert them into good men; and death is not the worst thing that can happen, even to a villain. Yet it would have been more natural to convert the scoundrel in question than it was to produce a change even in the "manners" of another of the persons of the story—a Mr. Donhead—who is (it is suggested) softened and enlightened by the moral influence which is brought to bear upon him. We don't credit a word of it. Mr. Donhead is one of those people who live by rule, and fancy all the time they are living by principle. He takes the received code of his age and country, tacks on to it his religious faith, and flatters himself he is good. Of course, if he had been born in Fiji, he would equally have swallowed whole the thing he found ready for him, and been just as much of a Pharisee. Very well—he fills his place, and does his work; but, as for his being improved, we will believe it when we see it. The man is a born fool, and there's an end of him. Being what he is, however, he is well drawn by the novelist, and readers of "Wayfe Summers" can give him as wide a berth as they please.

Wayfe Summers is a forlorn girl who sees little of her mother until she is a woman, and scarcely anything of her father. The latter was the scapegrace son of a wealthy man, Richard Willmot, whom he offended by marrying "beneath his station." The elder Willmot takes a vow never to "recognise" the marriage, but when his son deserts his wife seeks out the child which had been born—little Wayfe—and, isolating her from her mother (with the mother's consent), has her brought up. At first she is "put out," under the care of Mrs. Bradley; but afterwards her grandfather, finding she is ill-treated, takes her under his own roof and has her educated there. The old gentleman has a secret not creditable to him, and of this the son, Wayfe's father, is aware. For the purpose of trying to extort money from his father he makes repeated attempts to get hold both of Wayfe and of the papers which contain the evidence of the secret in question. He fails; but his efforts lead to some exciting scenes, and at last to his destruction. While Wayfe is growing up the other characters of the story are being brought closer and closer together, and, in the end, tangled after tangle is, without violence, undone, and those who by wrongdoing and the course of events had been placed in false positions towards each other are brought into natural and harmonious relations. There are weddings, of course. What "love" the story contains is of an exceedingly sweet and fascinating kind. The scenery of the book takes in Victoria Park, the sea in a storm, and the mining districts of Cornwall, a range wide enough to give Mr. Archer scope for a quiet power in the way of description, which is not the least pleasant characteristic of his writing.

There is an agreeable sense of unexaggerated truthfulness in reading this little account of

#### A WEDDING.

The little church looked so tranquil under the morning sunlight, which flickered through the leaves of the tree outside the vestry window, and made that dull room look quite cheerful, that I was glad we were in such good time. Mr. Polwick appeared, however, at the right moment, accompanied by a florid young gentleman in a sky-blue frock and yellow hair, followed by the young gentlemen's sisters, two fine girls gorgeously arrayed in blue and white, and with such a rare show of jewellery that I fancied they must make a clanking noise as they walked up the aisle. On being introduced to them, however, they seemed a little shy of me, I feared in consequence of some report of Mr. Polwick's; and their brother became so intensely flustered and restless as I held out my hand that I was rather alarmed.

We were soon marshalled for the ceremony, however, for the clergyman coming in at the moment, and, as I suppose, requiring a little space in the crowded vestry for the purpose of putting on his gown, the pew-opener formed us into a party by an arrangement which allotted me to Mr. Polwick's benchman, who instantly stumbled over a hassock, perched in the way, and was covered with confusion, especially as John, who was preceding us with one of the sisters, desired him to "hold up there," after the manner of drivers to their horses on a frosty day.

Looking upon the ceremony as a solemn one, I prepared, when we had assembled at the altar, to listen attentively and with due reverence to the service; but I found that it was impossible to dissociate the whole occasion from the series of awkward little mistakes which I have since learned are the regular accompaniments of a wedding.

First, the unfortunate gentleman who had already displayed such trepidation could never be brought to kneel at the right places in the service until seized from behind by the pew-opener; and, when once this was effected, and his head well down, it was equally difficult to get him up again until after everybody else had risen, when he would look wildly round him and smile feebly. Then the clerk persisted in presenting to Mr. Polwick the hand of one of the young ladies in blue, and would have succeeded in marrying him to her had it not been that John was capable of great presence of mind, and dodged away until he could get hold of Susan and bring her forward. Finally, the whole service was suspended for a minute or two by the sudden appearance of a spectator with a wooden leg, who came quite up the centre aisle, in spite of the pew-opener, and made such a noise on the stones that the responses became inaudible.

From the chapter called "P. I. rewyn" we gladly extract a passage about

#### MECHANICAL TALKERS.

She was an admirable travelling companion, chiefly because she made no effort to be talkative. Of all the insufferable pests with which a human being can be afflicted on a long journey, the too-acute individual, who thinks it agreeable to make remarks about everything, is assuredly the worst. To go to bed after a day spent in such companionship, with the clatter of unmeaning sentiment or the ceaseless effort after weak enthusiasm ringing in one's ears, is too great a penalty to pay for avoiding utter solitude. To be taciturn or inharmonious may be a fault; but it is better than to have a fancy and an intellect set to a constant jig tune, which plays in a trivial and yet unequal measure till the ears loathe the sound. Not either of these modes was Maria's, however; she was a practical believer in the truth that the "golden" silence fitly introduces, if it does not originate, the "silver" speech; and this was a convincing proof that only her body, and not her soul, was French.

We think the most successful portrait in the book is that of Mrs. Bradley. She is one of those persons who, with a clear conscience, manage to make other people miserable by the resoluteness with which they treat any attempt at self-assertion, however innocent, as a sin and an injury. It is perfectly in keeping that this excellent woman should use her Bible as a mischievous boy does a pocketful of stones, and take texts from it to fling at people who offended her. The type—of different shades of vulgarity and stupidity—is as common as possible; nay, in a mild form, it is the ordinary type of a human being. It is quite capable of including, and does include in the majority of cases, great capacities of kindness and even sacrifice. But the one dead fly which spoils all this ornament is the love of power and possession, which won't keep its hands off.

We cordially commend "Wayfe Summers" to our readers. The story is full of strong interest; and the writing, besides the healthy humour which is never for many pages missing, has constant touches of that simple tenderness which belongs only to heads and hearts of the very rarest order.

A WOMAN residing at Gese, a small town in Hungary, has been safely delivered of four children, who, with the mother, are doing well.

## OUR FEUILLETON.

### THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 364.)

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

Happy the man whose searching gl

Soundeth the sources of circumstan

Says the Latin poet. His verse is often quoted, but the world at large are, on the whole, very little of his opinion. We all want to know what happens, but very few of us care to be troubled with a particular account of how it came to happen. We all like to see yont and bont in picturesque situations, energetic movement, and graceful attitudes; we very few of us care a button about the osteological, muscular, and nervous systems, without whose action none of these phenomena could be produced. The delicately-moulded forms, the brilliantly-tinted hues, the spirit-transparency of expression—these are the elements which attract the eye, and the mind's eye similarly delights only to dwell on the fresh, plump, fluid young natures thrown into pathetic conditions, stirring struggles, and romantic emotions. Romance is to the mind precisely what beauty, grace, and picturesqueness are to the eye. Every beautiful phenomenon of life has its poetical side, which is usually its external result, and its prosaic side—namely, its internal mechanism. A story may with equal truth be narrated on either principle.

A steamer is moving up a beautiful river. The broad silvery stream winds through lovely and romantic scenery—say the Rhine, that we may take our illustration more in the concrete. Three equally true accounts may be written of the voyage; and when I say three, I might say three hundred.

There is the hot, buttery, peppery, simmering, sputtering account of Auguste Casserole, hard at work most of the day in his galley—sacrificing over his disappointment in the supply of vegetables at San Guar, and whose eleventh omelet was browning nicely as the boat passed beneath the castled crag of Drachenfels.

There is the better, oilier, and grimmer narrative of Sandy McHine in the engine-room, and his difficulties in luting up the leaky boiler when the steam was blown off, and the bugle flourishes blown on to give the passengers leisure to admire the fairy echoes of Lurlei's haunted pool.

Auguste's vegetable disappointments, and Alexander's mechanical struggles are just as true—perhaps truer—in the fine things Bursch Rudolph, the gay and handsome young student, is confiding to the pretty pink ear among the flaky blond tresses of Fraulein Amalia. But because she has sunshiny blue eyes, and coral lips, and pearly teeth, and tender, pink-shell-fining complexion—traits which reflect the changing colour of his fluid conversation while he pours into the ear of his betrothed the hopes and fears, the struggles and ambitions of his glorified youth—we at once see reason to concern ourselves in Rudolph and Amalia's version of that particular voyage. True, it may be that unless Auguste's tinkling pans made humble domestic music by the galley fire, the fair Amalia might grow faint—nay, perhaps cross; and that if Sandy's clanking engine struck work or blew up, the happy pair might never reach the vine-nestled village where they are to be married. What of that? In the world of romance machinery only clanks that lovers may sit hand-in-hand on deck and behold castled crags glide by; the clanking only pauses that they may listen to fairy echoes, the horns of Elftand faintly blowing. The galley fire only crackles, and the galley pots simmer that lovers may have some mundane substitute for ambrosia.

In the actual world of realities the young people are put about a good deal to suit the convenience of the r elders who are transacting the prosaic business of life. By the time Sydney Whitmarsh had begun to take a lively interest in Lady Julia it had been determined that, unless Lord Pemberton and Lord Ormsdale threw their weight into the Truckborough scale, the young man's chances in a contest were scarcely worth pushing. Lord Pemberton would decide which candidate he would support after he had seen them together.

So Sydney Whitmarsh was packed off to Wrotesworth, whither his rival had preceded him by a day or two. Whitmarsh did not very much like the expedition, knowing Melmerby, Strensal, and Jarnewith were to be there—none of them very favourably disposed towards him, and all more at home there than himself. Wrotesworth, indeed, was a much more cheerful place in which to pass Christmas than where he was; but then Lady Julia's presence made Strensal less insipid than usual. He did not, however, as it happened, miss much of Lady Julia's stay at Strensal, for the day after his departure Sir Everard arrived, ostensibly to carry his niece away to Lupesley, where the dowager Lady Wolverstone was dying of impatience to welcome her lost daughter's child to the grand-maternal arms. I say ostensibly, for probably the worthy Baronet attached more importance to the private interview he had with the Right Honourable Horatio.

"Glad to see you, my dear Wolverstone," said the Cabinet Minister, with an affable, official manner, when Sir Everard was ushered into a pannelled saloon on the ground floor, somewhere between the confines of the State apartments, the Duke's private rooms, and the terra cognita of pantry and back passage, and upper servants' hall and housekeeper's rooms, for the working offices were in the basement. "I heard from Girandole that you had some confidential suggestions to make as to the Balderland election, which seems imminent. I shall have great pleasure in hearing your views."

"If I may speak frankly and without offence, I should say that, in contesting the county under the conditions contemplated, a great deal of money and trouble is likely to be thrown away. I fully believe your son to be a young man of great talent and promise; and when he becomes known no doubt he will win golden opinions on his own behalf. But you must admit he is a young man, and, as yet, has had no opportunity of becoming known and appreciated in the county. The auspices under which he is brought forward, however powerful in themselves, are not without a counter-balancing element of unpopularity. Personally unknown to the constituency, he appears as the representative of non-resident interests, than which nothing could be a more fertile source of resentment to residents. This resentment is likely to form a link of union between holders of otherwise widely divergent opinions—for political theories at ways are impotent in comparison with local feeling. Under such circumstances, an irresistible support would gather to the local candidate. Mr. Strensal is as young or younger than your son, but he has lived in the county, and taken a part in county business; has shown himself possessed of judgment and capacity; and bears a name which is still a household word with the constituency. I need not remind you how his grandfather's thirty years' occupation of the seat supplements his defect of age."

"Yes, yes; we know all that. I don't require to be told that Strensal of Thor-kelf, with Melmerby and Bransdale at his back, is a formidable opponent. But the name of Whitmarsh is not at all obscurely unknown to Balderland. Before your time, I sat in three Parliaments for Bradbleak, and was very near contesting the county with old Edmund, if my brother had not succeeded to his peerage and Hoderford become vacant."

"It is precisely because you so long, and I may add, so ably represented the county town, and because your name still lives in the respect and affection of the constituency, that I venture to suggest that the natural introduction of your son to the county would be through the representation of the borough. After sitting a few years for Bradbleak, and making, as I do not doubt he would, his mark in Parliament, and becoming favourably known in county business—"

"It is very possible, if he does not get in for the county this time, he will disturb you in the borough at the next general election."

"If he falls back upon Bradbleak with the prestige of a county defeat, I shall not be so much afraid of him. I think it more advisable that we should exchange places now, while there are two possibilities to dispose of."

"What, two?"

"Why, if on Bransdale's death I vacate the borough by accepting some small office from the Crown, Bradbleak is a certain seat for your son, and the Duke's county influence exerted in my favour will not be

so absolutely thrown away on me. I should exchange a positive for a problematical seat. But that is my affair, if I risk something for my ambition. The resident indignation would not apply to me. I have friends and connections on both sides of opinion in the county, and my age and Parliamentary experience would go for something with the squirearchy against Strensal's youth. I should neutralise some of his support, too. Lord Bransdale married my wife's sister. Ormsdale is my first cousin. Strensal of Midgarth is my brother-in-law. In fact, I may say I am connected with the whole range county families, Liberal and Conservative."

"But have your relatives much confidence in you as a consistent politician? Your votes have been almost as impartial as your consciences."

"My support in the borough has been drawn from moderate men of all denominations, and my Parliamentary course has been somewhat eclectic. But, if I am returned for the county, I do not disguise from myself the fact that I shall owe my seat mainly to Liberal support; and I am prepared to give my adhesion in all important instances to the Ministerial policy."

"In that case, will not any Conservative support you secured in your first contest desert you at the next general election?"

"After one triumph the Liberal element in the county would gain strength, especially if the Ministry meanwhile continue to gain ground with the country at large; and then, if the time were ripe for your son to take up the running, it might be worth while to remove me to the other house. In the mean time it would greatly have fortified your son's prospects that he should have been sitting for Bradbleak, and that his opponent should have been defeated on his first appearance in the field."

"There is something in what you say," observed the Cabinet Minister profoundly, mentally adding, with respect to that incidental detail about "the other house," "Don't you wish you may get it?" He did not, however, feel bound to impart his misgivings on that point to Sir Everard. He thought it very possible that, on the whole, the arrangement might be better for his son. It remained to be seen whether the Baronet was not fatally over-estimating his weight in the county. That, however, did not so much matter.

"Of course," said Sir Everard, "all this is under the seal of the strictest confidence."

"Including under such confidence, I may presume, the Duke, who will have to be consulted in the matter, and Lord Girandole. He did not enter in writing on the nature of your suggestion, probably thinking it safer that such a matter should be conveyed by oral communication. I suppose you opened your views fully to him, and, as he wrote me word to see you in the matter, I suppose he fell in with your propositions, provisionally at least."

"He thought that, if it were certain the Duke could put your son in for Bradbleak, and that it was ascertained to be more feasible to get me in for the county, it would be missing a chance not to adopt the arrangement. He had seen Strensal, and satisfied himself there was no rate support to be expected from him. He hinted that there might probably be a vacancy shortly in some of the subordinate offices, and it was possible that I might have an under-secretaryship or a vice-presidency to resign my seat upon. The Right Hon. Horatio began to raise his eyebrows, as if he would imply that it was impossible to predicate what rash hopes such a cool head as Lord Girandole might hold out without consulting his colleagues; but, reflecting that Sir Everard was Lady Girandole's first cousin, and had been a junior Lord of the Treasury on the Conservative side some years back, since which he had gradually veered round in Girandole's wake so as to get as nearly before the Liberal wind as his constituency would allow him; showing, moreover, on occasions a certain talent for making himself useful or disagreeable when it suited his book, the Right Hon. Horatio did not proceed to any very powerful demonstration with his eyebrows, and said,

"I cannot pretend to say how far the Duke may be inclined to entertain your proposition; and, if he were so inclined, in all probability we should have to ask you to authorise us to consult Snape as to what accession of strength we should obtain by such a modification of our medical."

"Snape has been acting against me in the borough for years."

"He will act for you in the county with quite as much energy, if that should be the course adopted at Strensal."

"Still, without a previous and conditional understanding with the Duke, I should not be disposed to go so far as to admit Snape into a mere embryo consultation, in which all his local prepossessions would be adverse to my interests. To the county attorney, however locally competent, Bradbleak is the centre and Balderland the bull's-eye of the universe. In yourself and the Duke I appeal to a clear, unbiased central view of the large interests of your party. If my proposition does not seem to you fraught with advantage, let all that has been said be considered as unsaid; but if, on the other hand, it should strike you as the most practical chance of exchanging one doubtful, or at least neutral, vote for two certain ones, I should be assured without delay whether in case I make way for your son in the borough, I may calculate on the Duke's full and cordial support for the county."

"The Duke is not accustomed to be hurried in his decisions, nor is he prone to rapid changes of tactics," said the Right Hon. Horatio, with something of Ministerial remonstrance against unwarranted pressure in his tone. The fact was he wanted, before in any way committing himself to the Baronet, to hear from Lord Bextrey, whom how his son's prospects fared at Wrotesworth. "In the absence, too, of definite information as to your chances of success, and without communicating with his agent."

"Pardon my interrupting you, but the chances of my success principally concern me, and if I did not see a fair prospect I should be very unlikely to propose such an arrangement."

"Are you prepared, then, at once to settle it so? The Duke pledging himself to support you for the county, would you now engage to vacate the borough on Bransdale's death?"

"That would be a more positive compact than I contemplated. If I might calculate on the Duke's support in the event of its being hereafter judged expedient by the parties concerned that I should vacate the borough and stand for the county, I should in the mean time have felt the pulse of the constituency. As yet we are, as I observed a few minutes back, arrived only at a preliminary stage of mere embryo consultation."

"It seems to me, Sir Everard, that you are in the position of pressing for an immediate and definite answer to a problematically-contingent proposition. While you are taking time to look about you you would debar us from the same privilege. Besides, the business is not so urgent as it seemed a week or two ago. The last accounts of Bransdale's health are better. He may live several months."

"Or may die any moment."

However, it was finally agreed that the Duke must have leisure to consider, and that when the Right Hon. Horatio came over to Wrotesworth he would communicate with Sir Everard again in the matter.

They adjourned to the morning-room, where the ladies were assembling previous to luncheon. The right hon. gentleman and worthy Baronet entered the apartment in animated discussion of the state of the roads between Strensal and Lupesley. The gong had sounded, and the company were waiting for the Duchess. Sir Everard had to shake hands with several acquaintances, but he was not long in singling his niece out of the bevy of unknown faces. When their eyes met she came forward to meet him, and said, "If you are in search of a niece, I have been anxiously expecting my uncle Everard."

"I am that fortunate uncle Everard, who has every reason to congratulate himself on so charming an accession to his family circle. Even my dear old mother, who has been dreaming of her unknown grandchild ever since you were born, must find the realisation brighter than her fondest vision. I recognised you at once by your likeness; o my poor dear sister. You will hardly recollect her. Ah! she was, indeed"—the appearance of the Duchess interrupted these touching reminiscences. Sir Everard had to make his bow, and receive her Grace's regrets that the hospitalities of Lupesley had prevented him from making more than this flying visit, and deputed her of the pleasure of a visit from Lady Wolverstone. He must be fished after his long frosty drive. She took his arm graciously, as luncheon was announced, and, gathering up Lady Julia affectionately in pass-



ing, said, on her way to the dining-room, "You swoop upon us like a bird of prey, and carry off our mutual niece just as we are beginning to grow fond of her. Still, I suppose her own grandmamma has the best right to her till my new brother-in-law arrives in England to claim his own again."

When Sir Everard drove away down the avenue in his carriage and four, with Lady Julia by his side, he felt, on the whole, satisfied with his visit. He had not had speech of the Duke, it was true. The Duke was hardly ever to be seen between breakfast and dinner time. Still, he was well aware that the Duke could not be hurried in forming his opinion, or, what amounted to the same thing, it would take the Right Hon. Horace a few days to form it for him, building it in suggestion by suggestion, as a crow forms its nest twig by twig. His proposition had got a nibble, if not an absolute rise, out of the Cabinet Minister. The animus of a connection was best indicated by the manner of the women. The Duchess had been more than ordinarily gracious, and had acknowledged a sort of consanguinity by virtue of the Tintagel intermarriage. The blooming young lady by his side was, to a certain extent, a political concession and a pledge of alliance.

The announcement of Lord Tintagel's marriage and of Lady De Vergund's arrival at her mansion in Berkeley-square, accompanied by Lady Julia Trebuchet, appeared in the same number of the *Morning Post*. The dowager Lady Wolverstone at once wrote an affectionate greeting to her granddaughter. Julia responded with a warmth and alacrity partly due to her weariness of the ailing and fractious old lady with whom she was passing the dark and dreary days of her first acquaintance with London fog. On her arrival at Stephenakes she found a letter from her grandmother, inclosing a note for the Duchess. Sir Everard in the meantime had heard from his cousin, Lady Girandole, that the time was ripe for him to have an interview with Horace Whitmarsh, to whom he wrote a judicious note, which resulted in the recent interview, while his mother's note yielded a crop of civilities and invitations from the Duchess. The Baronet was too much of a diplomatist not to infer some political encouragement from the cordiality with which these domestic overtures had been received. No reconciliation between Lord Tintagel and the family of his late wife had taken place, and his sanction might have been required as a preliminary to Lady Julia's visiting her maternal relatives if it had not been deemed expedient to ignore the feud.

"Well, my dear niece, I feel very glad to have got you safe."

"Rescued from the donjon keep of the giant Despair."

"Did you find it so gloomy in that splendid abode? Are you glad to exchange the grandeur of Stephenakes for the homely welcome of your poor relations?"

"I am, indeed; not that it would require the oppressive uncomform of such a place to make me long for the home of my unknown mother's youth and the welcome of my own kindred. I have led a wretched, lonely life, and nobody has ever cared for me—not even my father. Does blood make any bond of affection between near relations who have grown up without knowing one another as children? Will your daughters love me because we are cousins? Will they not think me strange and foreign? It would fill such an aching void in my heart if I had companions of my own age and blood who could feel towards me like sisters."

He took her hand, and said, "Be assured, dear Julia, we shall all

love you, both for your darling mother's sake and for your own; and I trust we may soon persuade you to love us as much in return."

(To be continued.)



THE LONG RECKONING.—SIR EVERARD'S MEETING WITH HIS NIECE.

## THE OPENING OF THE NEW PIER AT BLACKPOOL.

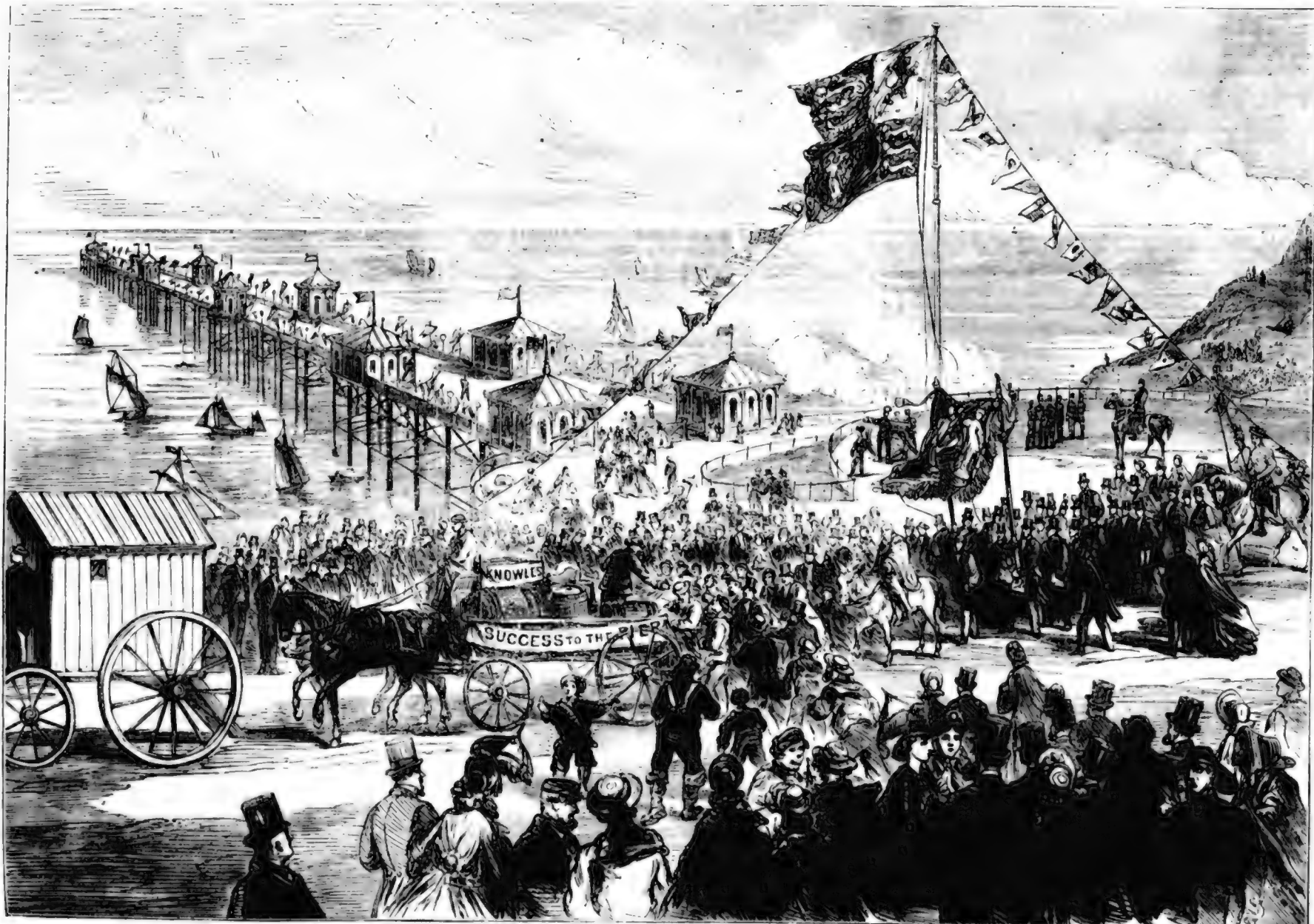
THE ceremony of opening the new pier at the above-named watering-place, which is rapidly rising in favour with the inhabitants of the north of England, took place on Thursday, the 21st inst., and was celebrated by a procession and other demonstrations of rejoicing, in which not only the inhabitants of Blackpool, but visitors from many other places more or less distant, took part. The pier, besides being an important work and a source of convenience and pleasure, is an ornament to the place. Elegance in its construction was one of the objects kept in view by the promoters of the undertaking. The exposed situation also made it especially requisite to secure a strength that would withstand the fury of such terrible storms as visited the coast in October and January last. The pier is still short of completion by about fifty yards of its length, including the head and stairs; but the portion now ready will be made available to the public at once.

### THE PIER.

The work has been carried out by a limited liability company, of which Captain Preston, of Manchester, is chairman. The pier is constructed almost entirely of iron, the only woodwork employed being that used for the deck and the fender piles at the head. The following are the dimensions of the pier:—Approach, 80 ft. long; abutment, 120 ft. long and 45 ft. wide; main portion, 1070 ft. long and 28 ft. wide; and the head, 135 ft. long and 55 ft. wide; giving a total length of 1405 ft. available as a promenade. The entire superstructure rests upon clusters of iron piles, vertically fixed into the ground by means of screws. The piles at the abutment and main body are wholly of cast iron, and those at the head are partly of cast and partly of wrought iron. The largest of the cast-iron columns are twelve inches in diameter, and of an average thickness of 1½th-inch, and the whole of the columns are filled with concrete, which imparts to them additional stability. The clusters are placed at intervals of 60 feet, and resting upon them are the main girders, constructed of wrought iron, and in lengths of 72 feet. The description of girder employed is that commonly known as the plated girder, and the tops of them are turned to account by being converted into continuous seats for between 3000 and 4000 people. The planking being laid first longitudinally and then transversely, there are no open spaces to admit the wind or spray blowing up and thus inconveniencing the promenaders. Upon the main portion of the pier are erected several ornamental shelter and refreshment houses, of an octagonal shape, which are placed on side projections. Lamps are provided along the entire length. The total area for promenading purposes is 38,500 ft. The total weight of iron employed upon the pier is 760 tons, consisting of 420 tons cast and 340 tons wrought. The only feature which seems likely to attract unfavourable notice is the steep incline approach from the beach. The pier was designed and erected by Mr. E. Birch, C.E., of London; and the contractors were Messrs. R. Laidlaw and Son, of Glasgow. The first column of the pier was fixed in May, 1862. After the severe gales in October, the proprietors of the pier resolved on raising it three feet above the level previously fixed. The head of the pier will stand 50 ft. above low-water line. The first contract for the pier was for £11,500, the extra cost of raising the three feet was £1600.

### THE OPENING CEREMONIAL.

The proceedings were conducted under the auspices of fine weather. By ten o'clock great crowds of people were collected near the



OPENING OF THE NEW PIER AT BLACKPOOL.



THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.



No. 5.—A MONKEY TRICK.—(DRAWN BY C. H. BENNETT.)

others. In the rear of the trades came the Druids, with two high priests in full costume, looking as shaggy and silvan as they could, and a 'bard' mounted on an ass. After these came a great number of Sunday-school children of several denominations, preceded by the juvenile brass band of the Manchester Ragged and Industrial Schools. The donkeys and their drivers, who followed in the rear, were headed by a little mounted chimney-sweep, fully equipped in soot with bag and brush. A couple of bathing-vans, adorned a little with evergreens, closed the procession.

The procession, having passed through the principal streets of the town, returned to the pier (which was traversed), and thence to Belle-Vue-square, where the ceremonial formalities were concluded, in the presence of an immense assemblage of people, including all who had taken part in the procession. The chairman delivered an address; and, having declared the pier open, the ceremonial was terminated by the whole of the volunteer bands playing "God Save the Queen," many of the people also obeying an invitation to take part with their voices. At the same time seven guns were fired from the artillery. This was followed by three cheers for the Queen, one for the Prince and Princess of Wales, and another for the Blackpool pier; after which the crowds dispersed.

#### "A MONKEY TRICK."

GOOD little boys, and boys who would wish to be good, behold in our picture the sad fate of a young Monkey who played tricks with the Parrot.

See how the poor bird, tortured with a stick till he could bear it no longer, pushed himself out of his cage, out of his feathers, out of his beak and claws, and into a pair of breeches



"I NEVER APPROACHED A CASE WITH SUCH A HEAVY SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY."

"WHAT DID BROWN SAY TO ROBINSON? AND WHAT DID ROBINSON THEN DO?"

"A MORE CONTEMPTIBLE ACTION WAS NEVER BROUGHT INTO A COURT OF LAW."

"MY LEARNED FRIEND WILL, DOUBTLESS, ENDEAVOUR NEXT TO PERSUADE YOU THAT BLACK IS WHITE, GENTLEMEN."

"DAMAGES! HEAVY DAMAGES!"

A FEW GRENADES INTO A JURY-BOX.



THE WITNESS WHO DOES THE FEMALE HEAVY BUSINESS.

THE NERVOUS YOUNG MAN, WHO INNOCENTLY PERJURES HIMSELF AT LEAST FIVE TIMES IN EVERY THREE MINUTES.

THE WITNESS WHOSE EVIDENCE CREATES MUCH AMUSEMENT IN COURT.

THE WITNESS WHO WILL NOT BE PUZZLED IN CROSS-EXAMINATION.

THE PLAINTIFF'S APPEARANCE IN THE BOX AT ONCE ENSURES A VERDICT IN HER FAVOUR.

SOME SPECIMENS FROM THE WITNESS-BOX.—(DRAWN BY W. BRUNTON.)



and a coat: how he changed into a stern old Commodore, or portbelle Fate.

Behold the Boy, with every thrust he made at the parrot, how he pushed out his jaws and his Hippocampus major—how he pushed out the bend of his back and the length of his tail, until he fell into the unrelenting hand of his Destiny in knee-shorts. See how even the Cage in which the parrot had lived, from sheer sympathy, went up—and up—and up, till it grew into an air Balloon, from which the young monkey is hanging; but how he will get down it is impossible to tell.

Let this be a warning to you never to tease Parrots or any other bird, or beast, or brother; and mind what Mr. Huxley says about Professor Owen, and be careful of the bend of your back.

#### OPERA AND CONCERTS.

MR. LUMLEY'S benefit performances have illustrated well the proverbial gratitude shown by the English people to all who have devoted time and talent to their gratification. The enterprising manager, whose indefatigability in searching through the length and breadth of Europe in quest of promising talent was the means of securing such performers as Jenny Lind, Cruvelli, Titiens, Piccolomini, and many others of almost equal rank, for the delight of his subscribers, has not yet been forgotten by the amateurs for whose favour and support he hazarded so much. The embarrassments which brought his managerial career to an unfortunate termination have given him an additional claim on our sympathy. This claim has been nobly responded to, both by the profession and by the public at large. Mr. Mapleson the present lessee, and the successor of Mr. Lumley, offered the use of his theatre for a series of benefit performances, and all the artists now in England, who came here in the first instance under the auspices of Mr. Lumley, volunteered the aid of their most valuable services. The public have no less generously seconded the praiseworthy efforts of the singers to retrieve the fallen fortunes of their former impresario. To this rule there has been but one exception. Strangely enough, the only obstruction offered to a benevolent scheme has been by the landlord, who has benefited largely by his tenant's difficulties, who is, moreover, the wealthiest among the wealthy, and a Peer of the realm. It would certainly have seemed more fitting for the performances for the benefit of Mr. Lumley to take place in the theatre so long subject to his control; but the manager will, we hope, lose little by their compulsory transference to Drury Lane. The sumptuously decorated theatre presented a noble aspect on Monday last, when the curtain rose on the first of the three representations. The pit was almost completely occupied by stalls, and the theatre wore that peculiarly full-dress appearance which we only find in the audience of an Anglo-Italian opera-house. It is not to be wondered at that great anxiety was manifested to be present, for Mdlle. Piccolomini was again to reappear on the boards of a theatre, and all her former admirers were in the tip-top of expectation. Such rare self-sacrifice as her's is perhaps utterly unparalleled in the history of art. It is now three years, as most of our readers will remember, since Mdlle. Piccolomini bade farewell to the stage to become the Marchioness Gaetani, with the intention of passing the remainder of her life in opulent ease. She has not, however, forgotten the manager to whom she was in great measure indebted for her ample fortune, and on the first intelligence of his embarrassments she nobly volunteered to undertake the journey from Florence to London, and to return for three nights to the scene of her former triumphs, with the sole object of benefiting the man who first introduced her to the English people, by whom she was so idolised. No wonder, then, that on her first appearance she was hailed with shouts of welcome; that every well-remembered effect made by the fascinating actress was followed by applause; that she was again and again recalled; and that numberless bouquets were thrown to her. "La Traviata," the opera which she brought with her on her first arrival in this country, and to the repulsive heroine of which she was wont to lend a dangerous bewitchment, was naturally chosen for her first reappearance. Criticism on such an occasion is fortunately uncalled for. All the intense dramatic energy that formerly distinguished her powerful impersonation of the Dame aux Camélias, Mdlle. Piccolomini still exhibits with undiminished force, and the audience were evidently as much delighted with her as ever. Signori Gunglini and Delle Sedie were included in the cast, and Signor Arditi conducted the band and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Lumley was loudly called for during the evening, and a signal mark of favour has been shown to him by the Prince and Princess of Wales in commanding an extra benefit performance, of which we shall speak in our next. Mdlle. Ferraris and M. Paul introduced into the ballroom scene the pas from Adolphe Adam's "Orfa," which they interpreted into "Niccolò de' Lapi," and which the *Times* describes as the "pas de deux from Signor Schira's opera." The same journal also asks, "What has become of that unprecedentedly successful historical opera?" It may possibly be remembered as the work which, in spite of the laudation of the *Times*, was withdrawn after the third representation. Its "success" was, in truth, entirely "unprecedented." The leading journal, in the number which contained the above-cited query, also makes reference to Herr Pauer's last recital as taking place last Monday instead of next; and the notice of "La Traviata" praises Signor Violetti for playing "the part of the careful and solicitous doctor," whereas it was the character of the impetuous Baron Duphol, the protector of Violetta, that he personated with unusual vigour and effect. To quote a pas from an old ballet, written by Adam as from an "unprecedentedly successful" new opera, is to pay a sorry compliment to the composer of the later work, and to praise an actor for his performance of a character which he did not sustain as scarcely flattering to his vanity.

Covent Garden has witnessed the revival of "Le Prophète," with the careful Mdlle. Didié and the impassioned Signor Tamberlik in the characters of the Fides and the false saint, her son, and with all the sumptuous magnificence which has characterised the last production of this impressive opera. "Martha" has also been repeated, with that charming vocalist Mdlle. Fioretti as Lady Enrichetta, in lieu of the unsuccessful débutante who previously attempted the part. Gounod's "Faust" is in course of active preparation. The hero is to be personated by Signor Tamberlik; Marguerite will find a representative who will at least "look the character to perfection, in Mdlle. Carvalho (not Mdlle. Patti, as the *Times* implies); while the part of Mephistopheles is to be sustained by M. Faure (and not by Signor Ronconi, as the *Times* also suggests). "La Gazza Ladra" will, next week, afford Mdlle. Patti another opportunity of stealing away all hearts; and they say that the same fascinating vocalist will also appear in "L'Elisir," with Mario and Ronconi, before the production of "Faust."

At Her Majesty's a new tenor, named Baragli, has appeared, on whom Nature has conferred intelligence, feeling, and a handsome face and figure, but to whom she has denied a voice. He will probably be more successful in lighter operas than that in which he made his debut—"Lucia di Lammermoor." A new ballet has also been produced there, entitled "Bianchi e Neri," founded on "Uncle Tom's Cabin." So, after drawing billions of tears from millions of fair eyes, the moral of Mrs. Stowe's novel has been pointed by twinkling feet in a grotesque ballet. The serious part of the story is almost too absurd for burlesque; but we must own that the comic nigger dances are at least equally amusing, and the ballet affords opportunity for the exhibition of Mdlle. Ferraris's graceful boldness, of Mdlle. Morlacchi's more insipid elegance, and of a Signor Ammaturo's agility.

The benefit concerts have of late been legion, but those of importance have been comparatively few in number. M. Thalberg has recommenced a series of four matinees, in the first of which he astonished all his hearers by his marvellous mechanical dexterity, but at the same time wearied some of them before the concert was half concluded by the want of genuine feeling that he invariably betrays. His most successful feat was a wonderfully brilliant performance of the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

At last Monday's Popular Concert a German violinist, Herr

classical masterpieces with purity and skill; and at the Musical Society's final concert, held on Wednesday, Miss Madeline Schiller, a pianiste fresh from the Leipzig Conservatorium, made a highly favourable impression on the most critical audience in London.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on Monday, the president, Sir Roderick Murchison, delivered a long address, advertising to the geographical discoveries during the past year, especially to the satisfactory result of the labours of Captains Speke and Grant, who have discovered the sources of the Nile—have determined that the great fresh-water lake Victoria Nyanza, whose southern watershed extends to nearly four degrees south of the equator, is the reservoir from which the sacred Bahr-al-Abiad, or White Nile, mainly descends to Gondokoro, and thence by Khartum into Egypt.

#### THE PROBLEM.

In tracing the outline of Captain Speke's recent discoveries, he recapitulated the nature of the problem presented to the explorer when he started on the expedition. His previous journey (at right angles to the route jointly travelled by Burton and himself to the Tanganika Lake, and undertaken while Burton lay sick at Kazeh), led him into a land where the waters flowed northward, and finally to the shores of a fresh-water sea, called the Nyanza, of great reputed extent. The lake was bounded to the right by the country of the warlike Masia race, through which no traveler can now make way; and to the left, but at some distance north of where Speke then was, by an important kingdom called Uganda. Speke's furthestmost point lay, by astronomical observations, about 480 geographical miles south of Gondokoro, the uppermost well-known point on the White Nile, though the exploration of occasional travelers and ivory-dealers, as Peney, De Bono, and Miani, had reduced the distance between the nearest points then known to white men to 400 miles. The assertions of travelled Arabs convinced Speke that the outlet of the lake lay far away in the north, and that it gave birth to the parent stream of the White Nile. His present journey was made to ascertain the truth of this previous information, his chief difficulty being to obtain the goodwill of the powerful chief of Uganda and other native Potentates who had power to block his way.

#### THE JOURNEY.

Our travellers started from the East African coast on the 1st of October, 1860; but the commencement of their journey was most inauspicious. Eastern Africa was parched with drought, and its tribes were mostly at war, partly owing to disputed successions to chieftainships and partly in consequence of famine. The result was that they only reached Kazeh after great delays and anxiety, and consequent illness. The next intelligence was dated Sept. 30, 1861, near Kazeh, and told a more cheering tale. The travellers were again on the advance, with a sufficient attendance of porters and interpreters, and were hopeful of success. More than a year then ensued without a particle of news, when the joyful information reached England by telegram that they had reached Khartum, and then that they had joined Petherick, at Gondokoro, on the 20th of February last. There is a short break in our knowledge of their proceedings in the meantime, for Speke sent a quire of papers by way of Zanzibar which have never reached the society. His present reports contain a consecutive narrative of the latter, and the principal part of his journey between Kazeh and Gondokoro. They commence on Jan. 1, 1862, and date from his departure from the capital of a kingdom called Karagwe, which abuts by one of its corners against the west shore of Nyanza, at its southern end. Here he seems to have made a most favourable impression on the intelligent King, who gave him a much-needed introduction for his onward journey, franked his expenses, and forwarded him with urgent and friendly recommendations to the powerful King of Uganda. Karagwe is a portion of a peculiarly interesting district. It occupies a shoulder of the eastern watershed of a territory 200 miles broad, and some 6000 ft. above the sea level, which is studded with detached conical hills, one at least of which attains the height of 10,000 ft.—the Montes Lunæ of Burton and Speke.

#### THE SOURCES DISCOVERED.

Two sources of the Nile rise in this territory—namely, the chief feeder of the Nyanza Lake, and that of another lake, the Luta Nzig; so also does the source of the Shire of Livingstonia, if we may believe the reports now brought to us by Speke. It seems, at length, that the Tanganika Lake is emptied and not supplied, by a river at its southern end, and that this affluent feeds the Niassa Lake, and through it, of course, the Shire. The northern feeder of the Tanganika takes its rise in the land of which we have been speaking. It is evident, from a part of the present reports, that the missing papers would have enlarged on the fact that in Karagwe Speke found himself in contact with a superior negro race, strongly and favourably contrasting with the tribes he had previously seen, and, with the exception of Uganda, whither Speke now went, is inhabited by a similar race. Their country lies along the Nyanza, and occupies a full half of both its western and northern shores. The parent stream of the Nile bounds Uganda on the east, as it issues from the middle of the northern boundary of the lake with a current 150 yards in width, leaping over a fall of 12 ft. in height. The Nyanza has numerous other outlets from the same shore, which all converge upon the Nile and feed it at various points of its course, extending to a distance of 150 miles from the lake. Speke describes the people of Uganda as "the French" of these parts, from their sprightliness and good taste in behaviour, dress, and houses.

#### LAKE NYANZA.

Captain Speke met with great favour from the ruler of these people—an absolute Sovereign. He conceives the lake to have formerly extended further than at present. Its banks are intersected at frequent intervals by what he calls "rush-drains," apparently small, half-stagnant watercourses, which drain that portion of the adjacent land he believes to have been formerly flooded by the lake. The present size of the Nyanza is considerable; it is about 150 miles in length and in breadth, but it appears to have no great depth. Speke further learnt that other lakes have a share in feeding the Nile. One of them lies immediately to the east, and is probably connected with Nyanza. It supplies the Asaa river, which runs into the Nile just above Gondokoro. The other is the Luta Nzig, to which we have already alluded, and which Mr. Baker is now engaged in examining. Captain Speke never saw it, but picures it on his map as being annexed to the Nile, which enters it, after making a great bend at the easternmost part of its northern shoulder, and reissues at the westernmost part of the same. This lake is 120 miles north-west of the Nyanza.

#### FEDERAL BARBARITIES IN AMERICA.

##### "DOING THINGS NEATLY."

THE expedition of General Steele, in April, up Deer Creek, Mississippi, in pursuit of guerrillas and supplies, has been, says the *New York Times*, "one of the neatest things of the war, though we are sorry that some unnecessary damage seems to have been done to peaceful people on the route." There seems to have been a undue force of this unfortunate drawback. The report states that upon landing, "Ferguson's brigands," a regiment of Confederate cavalry under Major Ferguson, "were visible in the safe distance, and from the time the expedition left until its return they were always in sight, but rarely near enough to get within reach of danger, if a man fell out of the ranks to do a little private stealing on his own account, and was separated a mile from the main body, he was sure to be picked up by these prowling guerrillas; and in this manner probably not less than 100 men were lost during the march. The first plantation of note reached after leaving Black Bayou was that of General French. In other days Steele and French were not only classmates at West Point, but they occupied the same room and enjoyed relations of more than ordinary strength and intimacy. These facts, however, availed the rebel General but little, for his cornbins and 'fodder' were given to the flames, his horses and mules driven off with little hesitation as if he had formerly been the deadliest enemy instead of the classmate of our commander. After reaching Deer Creek and turning southward, the expedition passed through one of the most magnificent countries in the Union. The land is of the

utmost richness, and is settled by a population whose paternal dwellings and surroundings show them to be possessed of wealth, education, and refinement. Each plantation contains from 500 to 5000 acres, the value of which is nearly or quite double that of land in any other portion of the State. This feature in the value of the land is not owing entirely to its superior productiveness, but much to the advantages which are supposed to attend the possession of a property and residence in a cultivated and aristocratic community. The houses are very large, built at once with a view to comfort and elegance, and, in the costly furniture within, and substantial mills, and out-houses, and negro residences without, indicate the refinement and wealth of their owners. It was in this succession of terrestrial Edens that General Steele operated, and which, by the aid of fire and other warlike institutions, were soon reduced to a level with common earthly dwelling-places. I may say, in brief, that the national forces continued down Deer Creek a distance of about fifty miles, and then, considering that his small force might be endangered from the rear, General Steele returned, having occupied three days in going down, and the same number in getting back to Greenville. The amount of damage done in the rebel region through which our troops passed will, at a low estimate, reach three millions of dollars. They brought in with them 450 mules, 100 horses, 34 yoke of oxen, 400 head of beef cattle, 30 waggons, 4000 lb. of bacon, 70,000 lb. of sugar, and 500 gallons of molasses, and about 1000 slaves. They destroyed about 20 cotton-gins, nearly the same number of cornmills, 500 hogs, 100 tons of fodder, and 700,000 bushels of corn. The inhabitants along the route were nearly all at home, and, of course, very much frightened at the approach of our troops. Among all they found but one plantation, belonging to Union men, and they had gone north soon after the breaking out of the war. Some of the balance were not virulent Secessionists, and confessed that in the beginning they had opposed disunion, but, along with thousands of others, had been forced to afford a nominal if not an active consent to the movement. It may be said here that the cotton-gins, mills, &c., of the only Union family on the route were given to the flames, the same as those of others. In this case, as in nearly all the others, the ardour of our soldiers carried them away so much that they never waited for orders to set fire to a cornmill or haystack, but did it at once as a matter of course. The property of burning cotton-gins may be subject to dispute; but as Ferguson, in preceding our troops, set fire to all the cotton, it was thought advisable by the stragglers to make a complete operation by destroying the gins. The inhabitants along the route grumbled considerably. Both sides, they said, averred that the object of their coming was to protect peaceable citizens, and yet, between the two, they found themselves reduced to poverty. There was but one house burnt on the route. This was unoccupied, although filled with costly furniture. The firing was done, not by order, but by some irresponsible soldiers."

#### SOUTHERN FEELING REGARDING THE YANKEES.

It is strange that there is one fact which no Federalist or Unionist seem ever able to discern. Death has claimed for his own since this war commenced nearly half a million Federals, and at least 200,000 of their opponents. Because in the Northern States there is no more heed of their dead than of autumnal leaves on a New England hillside it is forgotten that the Confederacy mourns her fallen sons like Rachel weeping for her children. A reconciliation with the Yankee possible!—the bones of tens of thousands of men would arise from their graves and denounce the craven hearts which threatened by such a policy to make of none effect the costly sacrifice of their hecatombs of lives! The tale of Federal atrocities in this war will some day be told, and if anywhere during the last hundred years so black a page of plunder and cupidity, and ravage, and outrage of defenceless women can be shown, it has not yet been my fortune to light upon it. These things are told to prosperous and thoughtless England, and produce as little impression as did the narrative of Sepoy outrages in this once happy country. But here, on the spot, face to face with persons who repeat to you incidents far too horrible and shocking for publication, and bring such evidence of the truth of their report as to extort belief from the most incredulous, it would be strange if the lowest depths of a man's nature were not stirred with "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation."—*Letter from the South.*

#### MR. ROEBUCK ON THE RECOGNITION OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

AN open-air meeting was held in Sheffield on Tuesday to hear an address from Mr. Roebuck, M.P., and pass resolutions upon the question of intervention in American affairs. Several thousands of persons were present. The Mayor presided. Mr. Roebuck was loudly cheered on presenting himself. He contended that the question they were met to discuss was an entirely English one, and that it was the duty of England to take immediate action in the matter. He argued that the Confederate States at the present time, in their relation to the Federal States, were exactly in the position of the American colonies with regard to England in the year 1777. The South were determined to separate from the North; they did separate, and men in England mourned that separation, himself amongst the number. He mourned at that separation; but the North (said the hon. member) themselves, from the very commencement, were so cruel, so determined to empire, that they forgot charity, they forgot Christianity; they made them a spectacle to the world of cruelty, corruption, and horror. That being the case, my feelings changed; but I did expect that the great power of the North, their wonderful resources, would enable them to subdue the South. But the South stood up, like the real descendants, as they are, of Englishmen. They said, "We will vindicate the right to govern ourselves; we will fight to the death for our independence." And they have fought to the death. They have conquered the North. And now I ask myself if the time has come when surrounding nations shall do what we ought to do now—acknowledge the South as an independent nation. Mr. Roebuck next dwelt at some length on the question of slavery, maintaining that, although the Northern States hated slavery, they still more hated the slave. He condemned the Lincoln proclamation, which declared slaves free in the seceded States, but maintained slavery wherever the Federal power extended. That was not an honest movement. Slaves in the South, he argued, were kindly treated. He lamented that any human being should be in a state of bondage, but feared that for many years to come slavery must exist. Coming back to the question of intervention, Mr. Roebuck contended that there was no person, no body of men, who so much desired England's interference in that war as the Northern States themselves. By such a course we should not benefit slavery, but we should really benefit the slave. There were those, continued the hon. member, who said England was not neutral, because she had shown no sympathy for the North. Now, sympathy was no part of neutrality, and he at once acknowledged that he had no sympathy for the North, and that his sympathies ought to go, and did go, with the South. They were a gallant people, fighting for their independence, and they had obtained it. The chance of success on the part of the North was as a million to one. After some further remarks in much the same strain as the foregoing, which were met by frequent interruptions, Mr. Roebuck concluded as follows:—"I tell you distinctly I believe the time is come for an acknowledgment of the independence of the South; that England, by so doing, will be carrying out the great mission she has to advance and protect mankind; that if she does so she will benefit not only herself but the world at large. Therefore I should advise you—if my advice be worth anything you will take it; if not, reject it—I should advise you to say that, in your opinion, the Confederate States of America should at once be acknowledged to be an independent nation." The Rev. J. P. Hoppes moved the following resolution:—"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the Government of this country would act wisely, both for the interests of England and those of the world, were they immediately to enter into negotiations with the great Powers of Europe, for the purpose of obtaining the acknowledgment by them of the independence of the Confederate States of North America." The motion was seconded by Mr. Michael Benl. The Rev. J. Guttridge (Wesleyan Free Church) moved the following amendment:—"That this meeting records its high admiration of the honourable neutrality hitherto maintained by the Government in relation to the dreadful civil war now raging on the American continent, and earnestly hopes that the same policy of non-intervention will be pursued in future." Mr. W. J. Clegg seconded the amendment. Mr. Hoppes' resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CROSS AT NORTHAMPTON.—The loyal burgesses of Northampton have not been slow to appreciate the distinction of possessing in their immediate vicinity the most beautiful of the Eleanor crosses, by recent events attracting towards it a large share of public attention. At a meeting held last week, in their Townhall, it was resolved to contribute a liberal sum for the erection of a palisading of suitable character, to be placed round the cross, the erection of which is to be entrusted to the superintendence of the Architectural Society.







**DAUGHTER OF DENMARK.** Song. By the Composer of "God Bless the Prince of Wales." See, sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. "A very pretty composition. . . A drawing-room gem, which must prove highly gratifying to the Princess."—*Standard Mercury*, May 18, 1863.

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